

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

June 15, 1950

Ten Cents

OUR DEMOCRACY BETRAYED

By Bruce Hutchison

"But I Like to Fight With My Wife"

The Tragedy of the Bluenose



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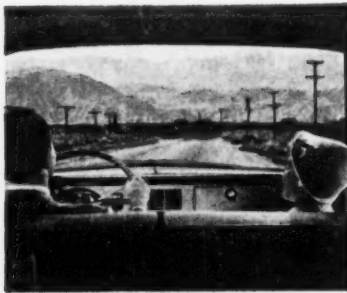
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The Studebaker Corporation of Canada, Ltd.
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Studebaker**
\$1977⁶⁴

for Studebaker Champion
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delivered price and includes
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The above price does not
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models—4-door sedan,
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CLOCK-CONTROLLED

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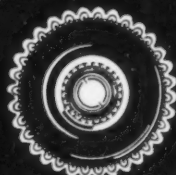
EXCLUSIVE with **MOFFAT** GAS RANGES



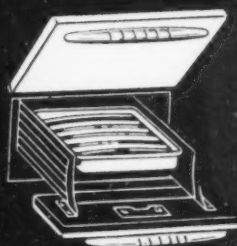
AUTOMATIC CLOCK starts and stops oven cooking — a feature found on no other gas range.



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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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EDITORIALS

War Is Hell — and the Hell Of It Is That We Forget

MY TALE IS of war and hard work and enterprises, sometimes stirring but more often ludicrous; of sudden reversals of fortune . . . of bloodshed and violence, but more often of cunning and deceit and high spirits and the pleasant cudgeling of brains and then again more work; above all of friendship.

"Only to the fools of my generation will the realization come as a surprise that we liked war."

These are not the words of a Roman centurion swashbuckling home from one of those cleanly, exhilarating and slightly bush-league wars that poets used to write about. They're the words of an amateur soldier of the British Army and they apply to the latest and cruelest of all wars. Their author is Vladimir Peniakoff and under the world-famous *nom de guerre* of Colonel Popski he has endured far more than his share of danger, pain and hardship and won far more than his share of distinction.

Colonel Popski is against war of course. Against the idea of war and against the people who start wars. In time of war he feels a genuine pity for all of humanity. He is tortured by a justified concern for those he loves and he experiences an occasional tug of sympathy for his enemies. But, speaking purely and solely for Popski, it's his finding that once somebody goes and starts a war the most exciting and satisfactory place to be is right in the middle of it.

In this attitude we fear he's anything but unique. The male animal being what he is his intellectual and moral abhorrence of war is often tempered by an emotional acceptance of war. Provided that he has come home intact to the same family he left behind, almost any soldier of any nationality is apt to remember his personal moments of heroism and pleasure long after he has forgotten his personal moments of suffering and fear. And if men coming back from war tend to be optimists after the fact, men going away to war tend to be optimists before the fact—and in an even greater degree.

We're not quite gloomy enough to believe that, because of this, war and human nature are inseparable. Neither, on the other hand, are we quite cheerful enough to believe that human nature alone is a defense against war.

So long as wars continue to get started men will continue to fight them through—and even find a perverse and highly exaggerated satisfaction in remembering how they did it. To say that war has become impossible merely because "the common people won't stand for another war" is to ignore one of history's most chilling and inescapable lessons. Until the world enters an entirely new moral climate the prevention of war will remain a problem for our intelligence. If our intelligence fails us to the point where the shooting breaks out again there will be no scarcity of cannon fodder.

The Flying Saucers Are Real. So What?

THIS MAGAZINE has held itself aloof from the controversy about the flying saucer and intends to go on doing so. This is a measure not of our cynicism, but of our lack of cynicism. Far from reflecting an unwillingness to believe what we cannot understand, it reflects our willingness to believe anything at all, whether we can understand it or not.

The only reason we can't get excited about flying saucers is that we've considered them inevitable all along. We fully expect to see a flying saucer some day. We also expect to see a flying cup and spoon to go with it (each populated by a regiment of men exactly 23 inches tall). We'll be astonished if, sometime before we die, we don't also see a flying pressure

cooker and an air-borne can opener (piloted of course by a mechanical brain which kills time between landings by multiplying the number of seconds in 4 billion light years by the cube root of infinity).

Science still scares the stuffing out of us every now and then but it has lost the power to surprise us. The chances are there's a flying saucer outside the window right this very minute but we can't be bothered getting up to look. If science hopes to regain our attention it had better get busy and invent something that really matters, like a trout that will rise to dry flies in the spring, like a crocus that smells as lovely as it looks, or like a child that will stay exactly three years old forever.

S



“...AND THIS IS **ALCAN'S** **B**IRTHDAY PICTURE”

THIS PICTURE of the first aluminum plant in the British Empire was taken in 1900. That was only 14 years after Charles Martin Hall had discovered how to make aluminum cheaply by using electricity.

The plant was erected in semi-wilderness at Shawinigan Falls because the river was being harnessed to provide electricity. Aluminum was the first to use this power. Today Shawinigan

Falls has many other industries and is a hustling, thriving city.

Alcan, too, has been growing during these fifty years. Today, the company has 12 plants providing jobs for 11,000 Canadians and supplying aluminum to more than 1000 independent Canadian manufacturers from coast to coast.

On its 50th Birthday, Alcan looks back over half a century of progress—and forward to continued growth with Canada.



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Plants in Shawinigan Falls, Arvida, Isle Maligne, Shipshaw, Port Alfred, Wakefield, Kingston, Toronto, Etobicoke.

What to do ... and what NOT to do ... for

APPENDICITIS

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE are learning not to take a chance with a persistent stomach-ache or pain in the abdomen. As it might be appendicitis, they call a physician at once!

Aided by advances in medical science, the mortality rate from appendicitis has declined steadily every year for the past 12 years. Today, the removal of the appendix is a relatively simple and safe operation. The sulfa drugs and penicillin have also helped reduce

deaths from appendicitis through prevention and control of complications which sometimes accompany the disease.

Prompt medical attention, however, is still the most important single step to complete recovery. For example, recent studies showed that when operations were performed within 24 hours after the first sign of an attack, more than 99 per cent of the patients recovered.

The Doctor says:



1. Appendicitis generally gives adequate warning—pain in the abdomen, sometimes accompanied by nausea, and usually settling after a time in the lower right side. Since the symptoms are not always the same, the wisest rule is: *call the doctor at once for any persistent pain in the abdomen.*

Just lie quietly...



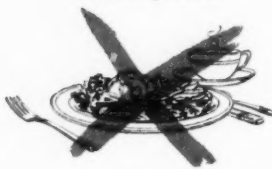
2. If appendicitis is suspected, serious complications can often be avoided by keeping the patient quiet, lying down if possible, until the doctor comes. Sometimes the pain may lessen or vanish, but this is no sign that danger is past. Only a doctor, using a blood count or other tests, can determine if appendicitis is present.

No medicines...



3. The use of laxatives, enemas, or any external pressure, may cause the appendix to rupture, thus spreading the infection. That is why it is always safest not to give the patient any home remedies or medicines, and to avoid rubbing or pressing the area which is painful.

Nothing to eat



4. Food and liquids put an extra strain on an inflamed appendix and may also cause it to burst. So, the patient should not have anything to eat or drink, until the doctor has made an examination.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company,
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Ottawa.

Please send me a copy of your free booklet, entitled "Appendicitis", 60-M.

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Street

City

Prov.

In the Editors' Confidence



THE MAN WITH THE PIPE is Blair Fraser, known till now as The Man With a Notebook. He's talking to Senator Gordon Isnor (see Backstage this issue).

IN THIS issue The Man With a Notebook comes out from Backstage at Ottawa, steps up to the footlights and reveals himself to his large audience. It was Blair Fraser, our Ottawa editor, all the time—at least ever since he came to the magazine in January, 1944.

Backstage at Ottawa began in 1931 with Grattan O'Leary writing the column under the by-line of A Politician with a Notebook. Before that date Maclean's Ottawa correspondent had been the late J. K. Munro whose dispatches were displayed like feature articles.

The notebook changed hands in 1941 when O'Leary relinquished it to Kenneth Wilson. The by-line was changed to The Man With a Notebook at the same time.

Now that we've taken the step and ripped the veil from Blair Fraser's prematurely grey head we wonder why we didn't do it long ago. Part of the reason, we suppose, was that all of us had grown attached to the flimsy disguise, even though it was no more a secret to many of our readers than the date of Christmas 1950.

But now that we've broken this little tradition we feel relieved and pleased that a writer of Fraser's stature no longer has to crouch behind a John Doe by-line.

Besides, it was a romantic misnomer anyway. Like most good reporters Fraser has never used a

notebook in his life. Unpaid parking tickets, the backs of cigarette boxes and laundry slips are his copy paper on the beat and, as for getting the news, there's still only one way to do that.

A reporter uses his legs.

● Ian Sclanders, who writes about his home town in this issue, thinks Saint John is the most pleasant place in Canada. He was born in Saskatoon and has lived and worked in several cities en route to Saint John where he is one of the editors of the Telegraph-Journal and the Evening Times-Globe.

"I've spent most of my newspaper career, which started on the Windsor Star, with these Saint John papers," he tells us. "I've also worked at various times for the Financial Post, the Ottawa Journal and the Toronto Star."

"I'm married to a tall blonde who once caught three trout in one cast (using a three-fly leader) and have an eight-year-old daughter, likewise blond."

"It was about 15 years ago that I first wrote a piece for Maclean's. Since then my experiences in search of stories for Maclean's have ranged from looking over the 2 million roses in the greenhouses of the Dale Estate at Brampton to cruising the Nova Scotia fishing banks in a trawler that was considerably less fragrant than the roses."

MACLEAN'S



REX WOODS got the idea for this cover while shopping for goldfish with a little girl, aged 10, whose finny pets, Flip and Flop, had died. After visiting seven pet shops with his young friend Rex had a pretty good idea of the difficulties involved in buying fish on the fin. Back in his studio, with Flip and Flop Mark II posing in a tank, he went to work. "The people in the picture are of secondary importance," he says. "They are there to amuse the fish."

.. KING FOR A DAY

give Dad the Best



FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 18th

There is no better or easier way to convey the idea that Pop is tops every day in the year than with a tangible reminder on June 18.

To assure quality, as well as Dad's appreciation, may we suggest that you make your gift selection from the list of "nationally advertised" products.

These are the approved brands — approved by thousands of discriminating men and women. These are

the brands that are recognized and bought with confidence across the nation.

This Father's Day choose your gift from the products that are "nationally advertised in Maclean's."

This symbol identifies quality merchandise, suitable for a Father's Day gift, that is "nationally advertised in Maclean's."



"King for a Day"

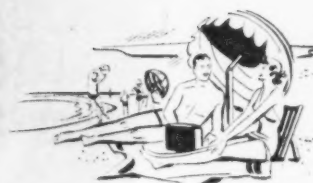
Edited by Canadians
For Canadians

MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

A MACLEAN-HUNTER Publication

North, South, East or West . . . wherever you go . . .

Take your Holiday fun with you



GENERAL ELECTRIC

Portable Radios

*H*owever you spend your holidays . . . wherever you go . . . one of these G-E Portables will add to your pleasure. They're all outstanding performers . . . with clear, rich tone and plenty of power to pull in distant stations. Equally important, they have been designed to be truly *portable* . . . light and easy to carry. See them . . . hear them — at your dealer's — and you'll understand why G-E Portables are far

and away the most popular with Canadians everywhere. Select the Portable you'll be proud to own.

Model C143 (illustrated above) . . . moulded in maroon plastic. Weighs only 8¾ pounds including batteries. Handle fits smoothly on case when not in use. Built-in antenna. AC, DC or battery operated. **\$42.00** (Batteries extra).

Model C141 (not illustrated) . . . self powered — same as C143. **\$32.00** (Batteries extra).



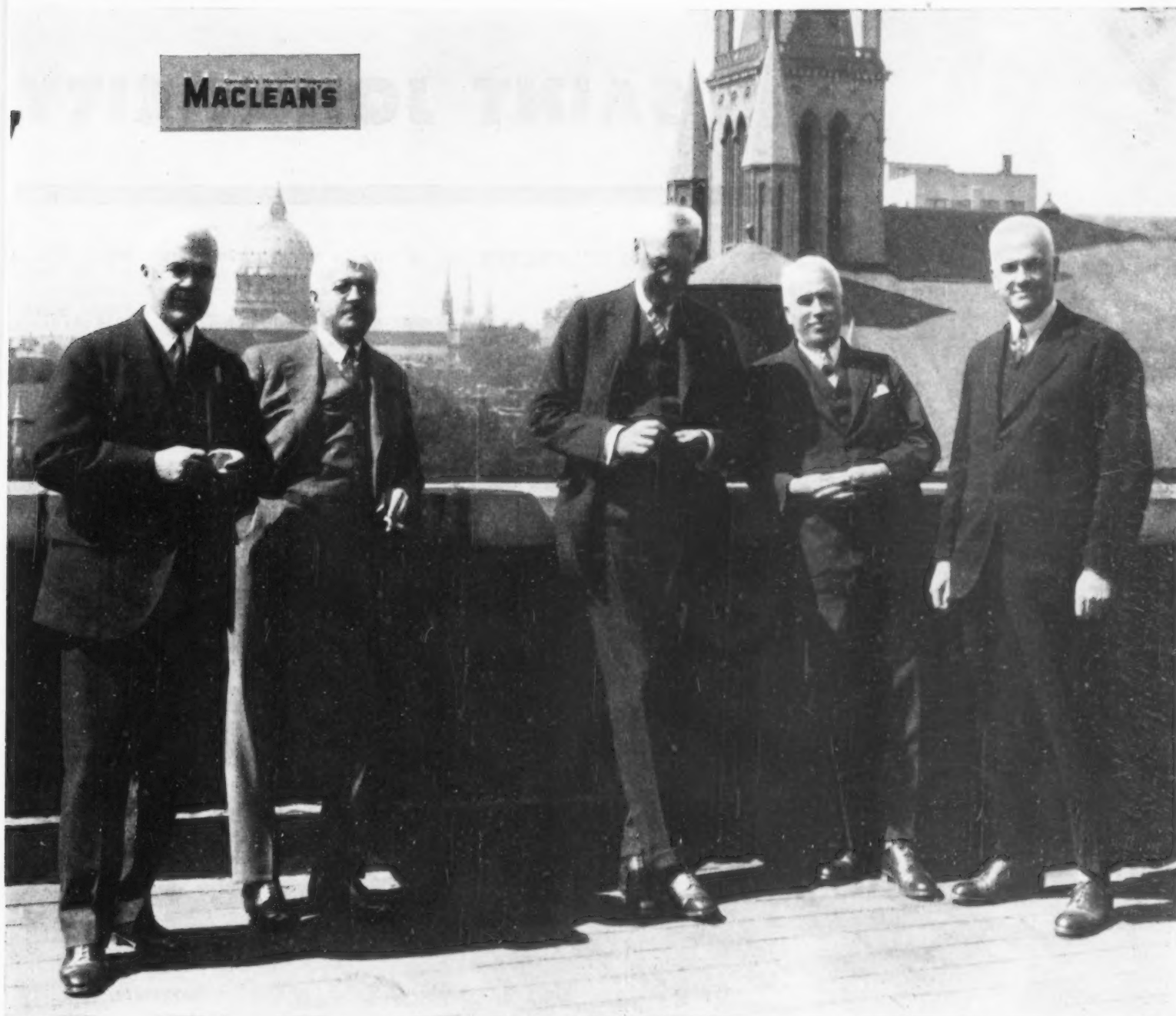
Model C150P . . . AC, DC or battery operated. Big Dynapower speaker using Alnico-5. A powerful, handsome Portable for radio entertainment, anywhere. **\$52.00** (Batteries extra).

Model C650 . . . a truly "super" Portable with range, power and real selectivity. A special tuned R.F. stage gives greatly increased sensitivity. Built-in Beam-A-Scope antenna. AC, DC or battery-operated. In beautiful maroon plastic case highlighted with glowing brass grille and fittings. **\$62.00** (Batteries extra).



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Head office: Toronto — Sales offices from coast to coast



NOT MAN

THE SOUTHAM SONS. Left to right: Fred, Richard, William, Wilson, Harry. Youngest son Gordon was killed on the Somme. Fred was president till he died in 1944. Toronto's Richard died in 1937. William, who once staged a cockfight in his drawing-room, lives in Hamilton. Wilson and Harry rocked Ottawa.

THE SOUTHAMS

By PIERRE BERTON

William Southam peddled papers to help his widowed mother, and finished up founding the great family which now owns seven major newspapers and a string of radio stations

Part One

AFTER FOUR generations the golden thread of the Southam family, Canada's ranking newspaper dynasty, glitters brightly in the warp and woof of Canadian life. Four hundred thousand Canadian families in seven major cities buy Southam newspapers daily. Thousands more listen to three Southam radio stations. Anybody who uses a movie ticket or a railway timetable rubs figurative shoulders with the Southams for they print most of these. A prolific, individualistic and sometimes eccentric family group the Southams have, in about 80 years, made themselves as ubiquitous as Eaton's catalogue.

It was a Southam (the late Brig. W. W.) who led the main Canadian

Continued on page 62

SAINT JOHN: CITY

By IAN SCLANDERS

A SALMON carved from wood and encased in a skin of 18-karat gold swims at the tip of the tallest church spire in Saint John. This weather vane revolves against a seaport background of ships, wharves, cargo sheds and grain elevators.

As it turns in the wind its gleaming snout points from the knoll where the Micmacs greeted Champlain, from Market Slip where 10,000 refugee United Empire Loyalists disembarked from their transport vessels, to Partridge Island where the first steam foghorn in the world trumpeted a warning at mariners.

The sweep of the gilded fish takes in the site of the Exchange Coffee House, where Benedict Arnold drank alone, and the cove where Colonel Edmund Fanning, Tory guerrilla leader of the Revolutionary War, hacked the toes off a blacksmith in a duel fought on the ice with broad-bladed axes.

It takes in Marsh Creek, where James Smith launched that amazing clipper, the Marco Polo; the hovel where Hollywood's Louis B. Mayer was born in poverty; the barn where Broadway's Margaret Anglin played Shakespearean roles for her schoolmates; the store where actor Walter Pidgeon clerked for his father; and the newspaper office where Lord Beaverbrook was a \$5-a-week cub reporter. They all belong in Saint John's story.

For New Brunswick's chief city has a timeless

quality and its memories are as indestructible as its rocky hills. Its past blends with the present and is as much a part of the atmosphere as the brine-laden breezes of the Bay of Fundy, the spicy odors that waft up from the docks, or the doleful toot-toot of tug whistles.

When the Partridge Island foghorn blows Saint Johners recall that Robert Foulis, who invented the device in 1854, let a fortune slip through his fingers by neglecting to secure a patent. They chuckle over the fact that Dr. Abraham Gesner, who founded the first public museum in British North America at Saint John in 1842, almost drove his poor wife crazy by converting his attic into a camping ground for the Indians who killed and skinned animals and birds for his collections.

They stroll among the lilacs and honeysuckle in the Old Burying Ground, consecrated in 1874, and smile quietly about the versatility of the original gravedigger who sawed a fiddle at dances when he finished the chores of the day.

Still Some Speak for Secession

BECAUSE Saint Johners talk of such things transient authors and lecturers, who pause briefly in their midst, often jump to the conclusion that Saint John's main activity is the contemplation of bygone times. A number of these authors and lecturers have said so—after departing a safe distance.

Their statements were unfair, but contained just enough truth to hurt, for Saint John has fallen

KING STREET runs three short blocks uphill from Market Slip where Empire Loyalists landed in 1783 after flight from New York. Modern Saint John is just small enough for a man to go home for lunch.



TRINITY STEEPLE is crowned by a golden salmon which swims in the wind from the Bay of Fundy.



Y OF FIRSTS

short of the bright promise it showed in an earlier period and tends to regard the last century as its Golden Age.

In 1871—the year of the first federal census—Saint John was Canada's fourth city, with a population of 41,000. Ahead of it were only Montreal with 129,000, Quebec with 60,000, and Toronto with 59,000. Winnipeg was a village of 241 pioneers, and Vancouver was not worth mentioning.

Saint John has since slipped to 15th position. Its population is now 55,000 if you count residents of the city proper, and 76,000 if you count residents of Greater Saint John, which embraces the adjoining parishes of Lancaster and Simonds.

Saint Johners blame their community's retarded growth on Confederation, the accepted theory being that this left the seaboard region at the mercy of Ontario and Quebec and that those provinces shaped national policies entirely for their own gain. There are still individuals in Saint John who insist that New Brunswick should break away from Canada and become a separate country—although they aren't very clear about how this could be accomplished.

Actually, the decline in Saint John's fortunes did set in soon after Confederation, but the extent to which the union was responsible is debatable. The wood-wind-water economy in which Saint John flourished was already fading; wooden ship-building, which employed thousands, was doomed; new forces were beginning to concentrate manufacturing in Central Canada; and the opening up of the West was in sight. Thus, even without Confederation, Saint John was probably due for a setback.

But the average Saint Johner contends that the place is just about right as it is—big enough to have a reasonably metropolitan outlook, and small enough that a man can stroll home from work for his noonday meal. Swiftly he can slip from downtown Saint John to a trout stream or lake, a duck marsh, a broad river or a white beach pounded by the surf.

There are 20 lakes and a dozen streams within Saint John's corporate limits, together with forests extensive enough for logging operations, a seaswept island, and 12 miles of shore on two rivers.

Saint John's harbor yields all the salmon, shad and alewives the local market can consume, plus a substantial quantity for export. You can watch the little fishing craft—dories and launches—nudging in and out among ocean liners. So abundant are the fish that the dry dock, which could berth the Queen Elizabeth with room to spare, generally gets a catch when its locks are opened to admit a ship. Once it caught 500 tons of alewives. On an equally memorable occasion it trapped a moose. (Saint John is so close to tracts of rough tree-covered country that both moose and deer have been known to venture into town and a couple of them have pushed their antlers through plate-glass windows on the main street.)

A royal charter issued in 1785 made Saint John



PHOTOS BY CLING AND NYR

THE REVERSING FALLS (rapids would be a better word) boil at Saint John's front door where the big tide of Fundy fights the outflow of the St. John River. It's a camera certainty for the summer tourists.

the first incorporated city in British North America and today it moves at a leisurely pace which befits its venerable age. The revolving doors don't spin like airplane propellers, few business executives wind up with stomach ulcers, and the inhabitants are seldom too hurried for a street-corner conversation.

Yet, in its calm way, Saint John accomplishes a good deal. Of Canada's seaports, only Montreal, Vancouver and Halifax handle more import and export traffic—and Saint John's freight tonnage in some years exceeds that of Halifax.

Two Shows a Day at the Gorge

THE annual output of Saint John's factories, more than \$40 millions, tops that of the factories in any other city in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland or Prince Edward Island. Among other things Saint John manufactures railway equipment, brooms and brushes, sulphite pulp, cotton textiles, clothing, building supplies, pottery, biscuits, hats, sails, awnings. It builds ships and pleasure boats. It blends and packages tea, coffee and spice, refines sugar, processes fish.

And, in this old town, most of the industries are old too.

T. S. Simms and Company, which claims its brush and broom plant is the biggest in the British Empire, was started by Thomas Stockwell Simms with money he drew in back pay and pensions as a veteran of the American Civil War. L. W. Simms, his son, heads the firm.

The sail and awning loft has been operated by the Holder family for three generations and once fashioned "suits" for windjammers. Much to the disgust of William H. Holder, who is more than 80, the sails stitched today are for yachts, and the bulk of the output is awnings and tarpaulins. But the loft, with models and oil paintings of square-riggers on its walls, remains an unofficial club for visiting captains, who sit around on coils of rope and bales of canvas, swapping yarns about their voyages.

Saint John straddles the estuary of the St. John River and looks out over the Bay of Fundy. In the name of the city the "Saint" is spelled out. Saint Johners are very crochety about this. The spelling is abbreviated in the case of the river, which flows 450 miles to sea from Quebec and northern Maine, has

Continued on page 58

Like most salty old characters Saint John (watch that spelling!), N.B., has its peculiarities. Like the shortest main street in Canada, some of the worst slums. But it has also a venerable dignity and charm as befits the first city in British North America

THEY'RE KILLING OUR DEMOCRACY

WHO ARE?

*POLITICIANS who feed the public myths, not facts;
M.Ps who meekly take orders from the Government;
MINISTERS who let civil servants decide policies;
VOTERS who accept double talk in lieu of the truth*



GARDINER: Before election saw no market problem.

By **BRUCE HUTCHISON**

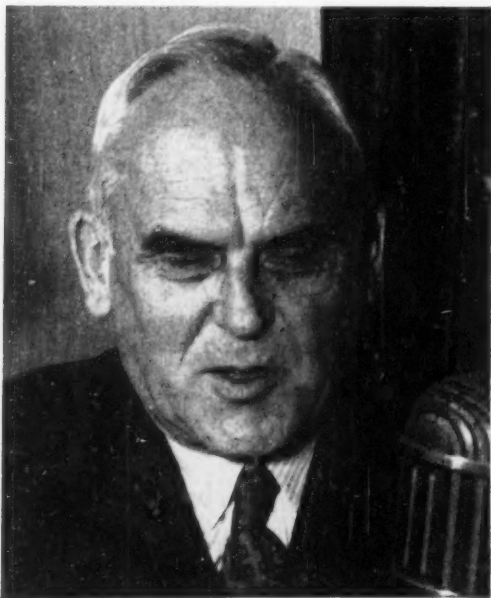
FOR THE last quarter of a century sculptors have been hacking the stone of the Ottawa Parliament Buildings into the approximate shape of human faces. Their latest work is an assembly of Canadian journalists whose portraits no one can recognize. This, no doubt, is intentional. By a stroke of inspired genius the sculptors, scorning the lineaments of individual men, have carved the collective image of Ottawa's mind. They have produced in granite the bleak false face of our current politics.

This stone mask hides three things: Deception of the electorate, detachment from the Canadian

people and the decline of the parliamentary system. Deception, detachment and decline may not be known to the public. To the student of Canadian history they stare, hard and cold, out of the newly wrought stone—the accurate monument of our era.

Of these three cardinal elements in the sculpture of the times deception is the most obvious. I do not mean deception in the ordinary sense of dishonesty. Canadian politics in that sense must be more honest than it has ever been and, on the whole, more honest than private business because it lives in a goldfish bowl. The dishonesty of our politics, being purely intellectual, is a much subtler and more dangerous thing, common to democratic politics everywhere.

It is, in short, a well-meaning almost unconscious



HOWE: He predicted reciprocity, didn't deliver.



ST. LAURENT: He said nothing with charm, and won.



COLDWELL: He promised to get money where it isn't.

conspiracy of honest and selfless men to keep the facts of national life from the people. Largely because the people are a willing accomplice, the conspiracy has succeeded, a joint conspiracy of people and politicians.

It achieved its masterpiece in the election of last June. The false face carved on that occasion, by the combined skill of professional Liberal, Conservative and Socialist stonemasons, with the enthusiastic amateur co-operation of the voters, will require months, perhaps years of labor with mallet and chisel to reduce it to the semblance of truth.

Consider where we were last June, then consider where the politicians told us we were.

By last June the democratic world was reeling toward a precipice. Britain, an essential cornerstone of the world economy, had reached the edge of bankruptcy. Canada, a nation living on international trade, stood naked in the middle of this crisis.

Yet the Government of Canada, well knowing the facts, conducted the election campaign like a harmless charade on Christmas Eve. C. D. Howe, our Minister of Trade and Commerce, could see no difficulty in selling everything we produced. The farmer's eye of James Gardiner, the Minister of Agriculture, could discern no cloud on the prairie horizon. Douglas Abbott had our finances under perfect control, having already granted pre-election tax reductions which obviously we could not afford with the known expenses ahead of us. Paul Martin's superb voice pictured glittering vistas of social reform to be administered by his Department of Health and Welfare which would involve gigantic new taxes not mentioned in the polite society of election politics. In a smouldering world Canada alone was fireproof.

Scrupulously avoiding all this cackle, Prime Minister St. Laurent—perhaps the finest human being who has occupied his position in modern times—spoke everywhere, committed himself to nothing, said nothing, with a charm and patent goodwill which, next to George Drew's efforts, were the chief factor in the Liberal victory.

For the Government the election campaign was not a public debate. It was a feat of cheerful somnambulism.

Crisis Called Off: Election

ALL THIS time it needed no economist and no microscope to discover the cracks opening ever wider in the plaster of our national house. They had opened so wide that every plasterer in the business was called out to fill them and every caldron to cover them over with a pink glaze of optimism.

Finally, when the British Government proposed to call a Commonwealth conference to grapple with a crisis which no longer could be hidden, the Canadian Government dragged a high official out of his garden one week end, hustled him into a plane and shot him off to London to ask that the crisis be postponed for a few days until the polls closed.

The British Government agreed to postponement. The polls were hardly closed, the ballots hardly counted before Mr. Abbott also was flying to London to deal with a crisis which, according to the campaign orators, had not existed the day before.

The Progressive Conservative Party, if anything, was more deliberately confusing and deceptive but not nearly so competent. It entered the election on a platform of promises mathematically preposterous, designed to work both sides of the street and, as was to be expected, collapsing at the critical moment in the middle of it. In English-speaking Canada George Drew was the true-blue heir of the British and imperialist tradition; in Quebec he solemnized a secret shotgun wedding with the anti-British nationalism of Maurice Duplessis, with Camillien Houde as the best man. Detecting the cracks in the plaster, but unable either to explain them or to propose a practical remedy, he sought refuge in a proposition called "convertibility" which he neither explained nor appeared to understand.

The CCF continued its frozen tightrope walk, painfully balancing a promise of Socialism without hurting private business against a promise to spend hugely without hurting the ordinary taxpayer. M. J. Coldwell, its leader, chanted the familiar ritual that he would "get the money where the money is," in the pockets of the rich, though he must have known, since he can read simple figures, that the necessary money is only in the low income brackets.

And the Communists, calling themselves the Labor Progressive Party because they are against labor and progress, continued to wriggle helplessly at the end of the Moscow line.

No Christmas Eve party ever produced a charade like this. No one could guess what it meant. Everybody had a good time. The voters loved the good, clean fun and if they sometimes wondered what it would cost and where it would lead, they decided (wisely, I believe) to re-elect a Government of known capacity, led by a man of manifest integrity who could be expected somehow to make sense of this palpable nonsense.

Were the actors in this charade dishonest men? By no means. You could trust every one of them with your last dollar, with the innermost secrets

"The paramount question

of our time:

Do we still believe

that the collective

wisdom of the

people at the bottom

is surer and

safer than the wisdom

of a few clever

men at the top?"

of your life. But they had been sucked, with nearly every other democratic politician the world over, into what they considered a high-minded and patriotic attempt to keep the facts from a public not wise, educated or tough enough to face them. They were attempting, as they thought, to give the public better government than it deserved. They dared not rely on the wisdom of a fully informed democracy. They relied on their own wisdom which must decide what the public was fit to hear.

In June, before the election, the Minister of Agriculture could say flatly: "When critics of the Government claim Canada is losing its overseas markets they don't know what they are talking about." But by December he had to admit Britain didn't want much of anything but wheat, and, indeed, less of that. What's more, he confessed that he'd been having trouble with the British since 1947.

Trade Minister Howe was an optimist before the election and remained one afterward, ("I do not know of any rapidly diminishing markets overseas.") even though his own department's reports were flying the storm signals.

The immediate result of impossible promises, of hiding the facts of our national situation, is to produce a public quite unprepared for the road now in front of us, for readjustments after an artificial boom, for some inevitable fall in our average living standard, for the necessity of paying more taxes if we want more government services, for the kind of harder life which all democracies must live if they are to survive the perils of a foreign system even harder.

Thereby the politicians of all parties, who must manage this painful process, are the prisoners of their own election tactics. The task of government is made infinitely more difficult, the outcome more doubtful, than they would have been with a little candor in the beginning.

The other result of hiding the facts is longer and more serious. It is to shake the confidence of the people in democratic government itself when the facts finally erupt, as they always do. Consider the reciprocity fiasco.

Mr. Howe came out for free trade with the United States during the Liberal convention of 1948. "The Liberal Party will continue to negotiate for the lowering of trade barriers with our neighbor to the south," he said. Yet it was the Canadian Government which was to end those negotiations and this spring the Prime Minister himself told the Commons: "We hope that more (goods) will come from sterling sources and less from American-dollar sources."

Continued on page 27



DREW: Wooed the pro-British and the anti-British.



THE VOTER: Being hoodwinked is fun. He likes it.



PRINCE CHARLES' mother fussed while the shutter clicked. Edith Sitwell had a background of doves.



ST. PAUL'S after the great fire raid on London

Watch the Birdie, Your Highness

When the Royal Family wanted a picture of the new baby they sent for Cecil Beaton, famed for photographs of the blitz, beauties and royalty

MILLER



By LANGSTON DAY

THE WINTER before last, pictures of baby Prince Charles, son of Princess Elizabeth, were jam for any editors who could get them. Press photographers prowled Buckingham Palace and whenever Charles took the air in the palace gardens they crawled over the roofs of nearby houses like cats, hoping to get a long shot with a telescopic lens.

One day an elegant man with thinnish grey hair and a monocle was summoned to the palace to photograph the Queen, and when that was done he was asked quite casually if he would care to come back later and take some pictures of the young prince.

Cecil Beaton did go back, quite casually, and took 70 photos of the royal baby while Princess Elizabeth hovered around behaving like any proud

young mother. That was all right, but when the news broke in Fleet Street he felt as if somebody had handed him the crown jewels. His two telephones rang furiously as editors and news agency men besieged him for exclusive releases.

When the photos were released three weeks later Bonnie Prince Charlie's image was published in newspapers just about everywhere. Beaton had caught him looking royal enough with his neat, tufted head and his well-developed hands, lying against a heart-shaped cushion embroidered with the initial E. Reproductions filtered past the Iron Curtain. Cecil Beaton had been to the palace before this. His first command visit to photograph the Queen was in August, 1939, just before the Royal Family left for Windsor on their last peacetime holiday for five years.

Before British sovereigns became democratic, photographers were treated like tailors, hairdressers or court lecturers. ("The oxygen and hydrogen will now have the honor of combining before your

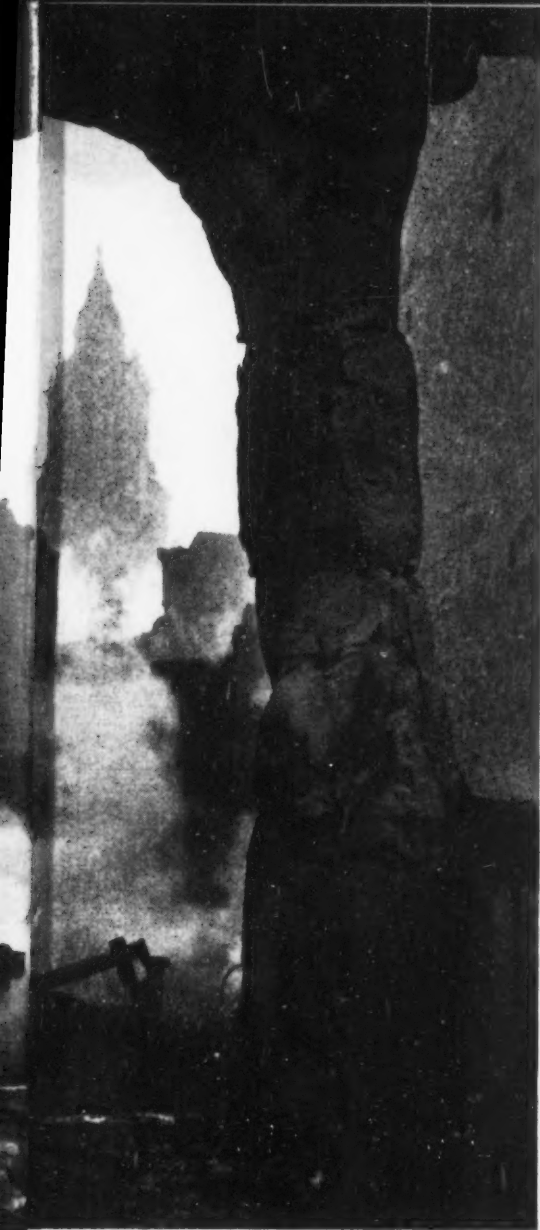
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MARI



on aton the inspiration for one of his greatest war shots.

Majesty," a lecturer once said to Queen Victoria with a howl.) Beaton, however, is usually given four hours for his royal engagements and the Queen and Princesses are willing to wear whatever he wants them to.

At one of the first sittings in 1939 the Queen had on the white beaded crinoline dress which she had worn on her visit to Canada. He took the two Princesses wearing charming pink and blue dresses in a Gainsborough setting, and the King and Queen sitting smiling on a sofa with their two daughters looking down on them from behind.

These and other Cecil Beaton pictures, released in one of the darkest patches of the war, did a lot to cheer British people all over the world. They brought back some of the grace and dignity which had been almost forgotten in the blitz and the blackouts.

After a blitz on Hull an old woman was seen poking among the ruins of her house. "I'm looking for the Queen," she explained to an air-raid warden. "It's not right for 'er Majesty to be lying in all this mess."

Beaton pictures of royalty, or anyone else, are distinctive. He first gets to know his sitters and then, with sure ability, imprints their characters on his camera plate. While he is absorbing his sitter's personality he puts what he feels into words. Of Greta Garbo he wrote: "Her complexion is of an unearthly whiteness and so delicate that she looks to have one layer of skin less than other people, and the suspicion

MARLENE DIETRICH, as she looked to Beaton.



EILEEN DUNNE was one of Britain's first bomb casualties. Beaton later took pictures in the desert.





A box office hit, he helps to build an empire.

The Bard Brings In the Bucks

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

THIS week end His Majesty King George VI and his Queen are leaving London to pay public tribute to one of England's most persistent dollar earners. The gentleman in question sleeps in the country and since he cannot come to London their Majesties are going to him.

It must not be thought that the dollar earner is lacking in respect for in his day he moved in the outer rim of court circles and was very anxious to please the reigning monarch. In fact, for a time he was a paid employee of the court although he was not quite a civil servant, nor even a court functionary. In short he was an actor, and therefore a vagabond.

There is another reason why he cannot make the journey to London. He died just 334 years ago. And, lest I weary you by too much dallying, I admit at once that his name is William Shakespeare.

To a debtor country like Britain dollars are more valuable than rubies; and particularly do we value the tourist dollars which come to us without our giving manufactured goods in return.

Unfortunately a great number of our visitors from the North American continent come to London, take in the Abbey, the Tower of London, and, if they are readers of Maclean's, they invariably come to the House of Commons—but then they leave for the Continent. For reasons both sentimental and practical we wish that they would stay with us a little longer.

Admittedly, our guests who are of Scottish origin usually make the pilgrimage to Edinburgh and gaze on the castle where the lovely Mary got into more mischief than was good for her and where bloody death stalked its victims. But even the lure of Scotland's capital holds them only for a short time and they are off to France and Italy.

But, fortunately, there is a Mecca set like a jewel on the banks of the river Avon which for the faithful is

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

He'd Fire 162 M.Ps

By BLAIR FRASER

Maclean's Ottawa Editor



ON A TRAIN from Quebec the other day I bumped into Frederic Dorion, the former M.P. who was one of George Drew's chief lieutenants in Quebec. I hadn't seen him since his defeat last June and I'd never seen him looking so well.

"Best thing that ever happened to me," he said. "I wouldn't go back to parliament for \$100,000."

Why not?
"It's fun, but it's just too expensive," he said. "I was there seven years. I managed to keep my law practice going after a fashion—my brother and my other partners helped me. This year, working at it full time, I don't suppose my gross income will be any more than it was when I was an M.P. But you see, I don't have to spend the \$4,000 or \$5,000 a year it cost me to be an M.P. so I'm that much ahead."

"Only two kinds of people can really afford to be in politics: the rich, who can make it a hobby; and the others who can't make as good a living any other way. If you're in between you're a fool to stay in the game."

* * *

WHAT, if anything, could be done about this I asked him. Wasn't there any way to make political life a worth-while career?

"I've thought about that a lot," Dorion said, "and I think there is a way, yes. Cut the size of parliament to 100 and pay each of them \$15,000."

"We have far too many M.Ps now. Out of the 262 now in the House, at least 50 will have to sit through the whole term without ever opening their mouths. What are they there for? What good are they doing? There's work enough for 100 men, but not for 262."

That might be true of speeches in the House, but how about the work of looking after their constituencies? How could one man serve two and a half times as much territory as each M.P. has to serve now?

He waved that aside. "Simple. Ninety per cent of the work an M.P. does could be done just as well by a good secretary."

"At present they get stenographic help and that's all—one stenographer for every two members. The M.P. has to do everything for himself except the actual typing. He spends most of his time, if he's conscientious, making petty enquiries of the Civil Service and telling people where to go to straighten out pension claims."

"Give every member a good secretary and a stenographer and you'd get rid of all that routine. Give him a salary that's really worth working for, and time enough to do some real work on the nation's business—then parliament could amount to something. It would cost about the same. For 262 members at \$6,000 we're paying \$1,572,000 a year; 100 members at \$15,000 would cost an even million and a half. What's wrong with that?"

What, indeed? It's true that in the present House, especially among the Liberals with their obese majority, the average backbencher leads a dull life. A really industrious man can keep himself busy answering his mail and studying legislation, but there's no stimulus to work—he can get by doing little or nothing. On the rare occasions when he gets a chance to speak in the House, nobody listens.

It's bad for morale in more ways than one. Many a sober man has taken to drink, many a happy home is broken up by idle philandering, because the backbencher

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An ex-M.P. prescribes stiff treatment for the Commons to make politics palatable.



A man can stand just so much harmony. Columbia Pictures' Arthur Lake (he's Dagwood) lets off steam while Penny Singleton (Blondie) waits her turn.

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

But I Like to Fight With My Wife

Staying happy though married presented no problems to the Allens while they fought and made up. But a marriage counselor almost wrecked their bliss

EVERY time I pick up a magazine these days I read about some marriage counselor having the phoniest conversation I have ever heard with a babe named Mrs. X. The counselor leans back, smiles mysteriously and says: "What makes you think your husband doesn't love you just because he chases you around the house with an axe?"

The woman looks up, surprised, and says: "You mean, then, doctor, that both of us are focusing our emotions on a preformulated aspect of the husband-wife relationship, and that this is just a normal adjustment of our personality patterns?"

"Exactly," smiles the doctor.

He then tells her about the five phases of love and how she must give a lot of thought and attention to making her marriage work.

This new trade is getting altogether too brisk and I give fair warning that the first love psychologist, bride counselor, home surgeon or marriage mechanic I see prowling around my geraniums I'll wrap my youngest child around his neck.

Until my wife started reading this sort of thing our marriage worked out fine. We separated every Sunday. We'd storm around in our dressing gowns,

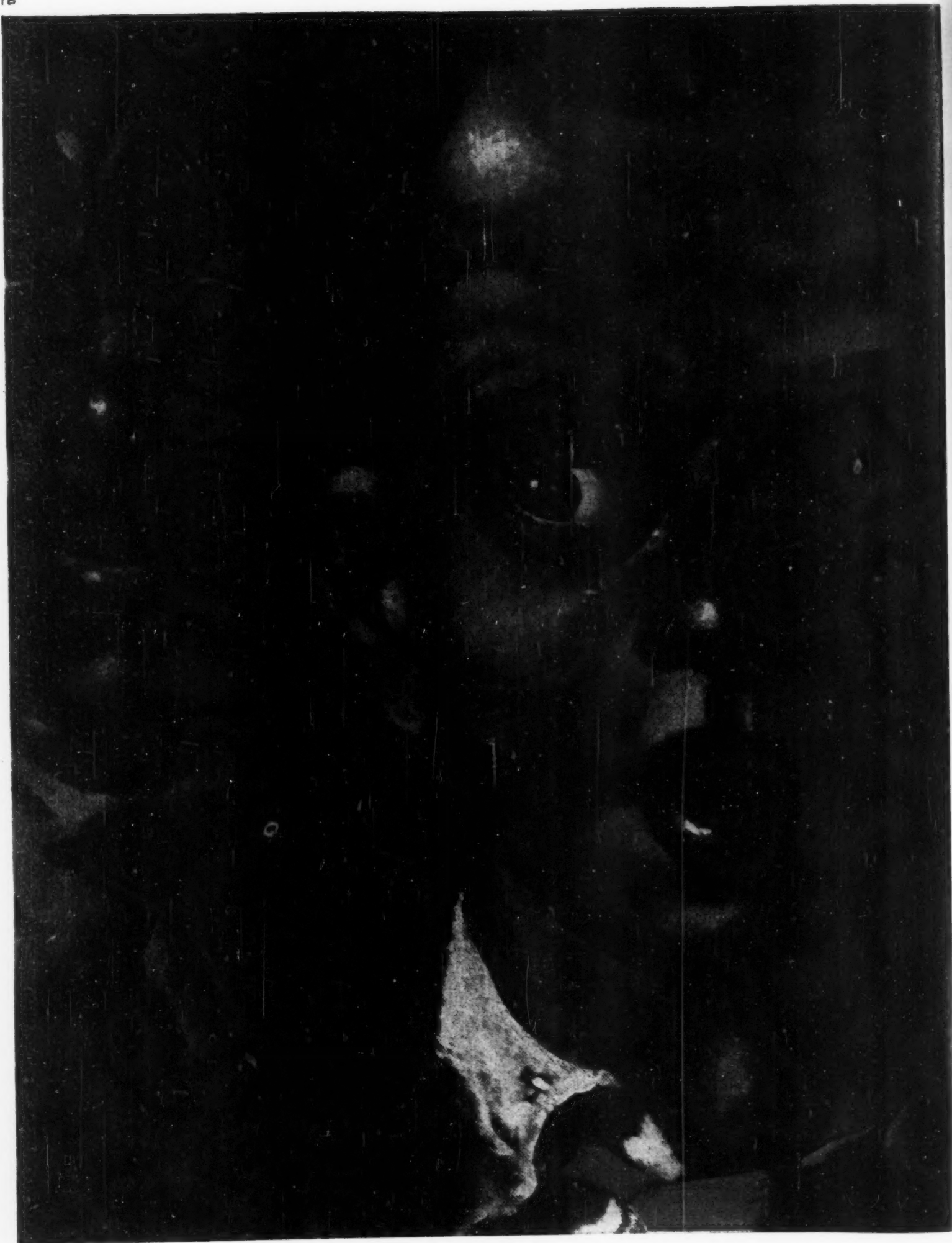
pointing trembling fingers at one another and shouting: "I WARN YOU, I HAVE JUST ABOUT REACHED THE END OF MY TETHER!" I'd order my wife out of the house. My wife would order me out of the house.

I'd peer balefully through my glasses, thinking: This is what I get after 15 years of fighting finance companies, waiting outside grocerias, and finding milk tickets stuffed among my income

tax receipts. I'd tell her she should have married a man who'd have given her a licking every day. My wife would say she wished she'd married a man who *could* lick her. I'd say: "Is that so! IS THAT SO!"

We'd stand at open doors taking deep breaths and thumb through the phone book looking for the numbers of travel agencies and divorce lawyers.

When we'd finished we'd *Continued on page 39*



By MARGARET ST. CLAIR

ILLUSTRATED BY W. WINTER

The Boy Who Predicted Earthquakes

was the Pinner kid
who wasn't much different
from most fifteen-year-olds
you'd find down your street.
Yet his ability
to foretell
the future
made him famous.
Then while the whole
world waited for his
vision of another
tomorrow, the boy fell
strangely silent

NATURALLY, you're sceptical," Wellman said. He poured water from a carafe, put a pill on his tongue, washed the pill down. "Naturally, understandably. I don't blame you, wouldn't dream of blaming you. A good many of us here at the studio had your attitude, I'm afraid, when we started programing this boy Herbert. I don't mind telling you, just between ourselves, that I myself was pretty doubtful that a show of that sort would be good television."

Wellman scratched behind an ear while Read looked on with scientific interest. "Well, I was wrong," Wellman said, putting the hand down again. "I'm pleased to say that I was 1,000% wrong. The kid's first, unannounced, unadvertised show brought nearly 1,400 pieces of mail. And his rating nowadays . . ." He leaned toward Read and whispered a figure.

"Oh," Read said.

"We haven't given it out yet, because those buzzards at Purple simply wouldn't believe us. But it's the plain simple truth. There isn't another TV personality today who has the following the kid has. He's on short wave, too, and people tune him in all over the globe. Every time he has a show the post office has to send two special trucks with his mail. I can't tell you how happy I am, Read, that you scientists are thinking about making a study of him at last. I'm terrifically sincere about this."

"What's he like personally?" Read asked.

"The kid? Oh, very simple, very quiet, very very sincere. I like him tremendously. His father—well, he's a real character."

"How does the program work?"

"You mean, how does Herbert do it? Frankly, Read, that's something for you researchers to find out. We haven't the faintest idea what happens, really."

"I can tell you the program details, of course. The kid has a show twice a week, Mondays and Fridays. He won't use a script—" Wellman grimaced—"which is pretty

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Who Would Want To Live on the Prairies?

Some of the folks in Swift Current, Sask., can't figure out why people live anywhere else. This writer went home to learn again that love for the Prairies, fashioned in the fragrance of wolf willow, lasts in the heart as long as there's wind on the wheat

By MARJORIE WILKINS CAMPBELL

HAVE you ever traveled through a prairie town and wondered how anyone could live in such a place? Have you blessed the railways for a Pullman across Saskatchewan and an observation car in the Rockies? Or asked why ex-westerners get a faraway look when someone mentions the wind on the wheat? What have they got, these prairie towns, that they are remembered with nostalgia, revered with fanatical loyalty, extolled with pride?

I asked myself these questions, and a thousand more, as the train slowed to a stop not long ago at Swift Current, Sask. Suddenly I wished I hadn't come back. I was terrified that all my dreams were about to vanish like snowflakes on a child's open palm.

Geography. All geography. That's what it was. Everyone I thought of was associated with geography, all the old friends. They were what they were because of something the Prairies had done to them. History hadn't conditioned them. On the Prairies there is no history and very little tradition.

Perhaps you don't even know where Swift Current is. Some people don't, particularly those who haven't traveled the main line of the CPR between Regina and Calgary or crossed Canada by TCA. Swift Current is a regular stop on both, 149 miles west of Regina, 30 miles south of the South Saskatchewan River in the valley of Swift Current Creek.

The creek was so narrow we crossed it in a minute. The buildings along Railway Street needed paint. Here and there were vacant lots. A tumbleweed skipped along the road, chased by a miniature cloud of dust. Wherever I could see beyond the



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RODEO IN JULY brings 25,000 visitors. Swift Current wears a ten-gallon hat. THE WIDE PRAIRIE waits at the city limits. A bumper crop this year—maybe.

buildings and the standing railway cars the prairie stretched dry and drab and dreary.
My throat was dry, too, with an ache that reached down to my heart.
So this was what it was like, the Swift Current of which I had dreamed ever since I left to go east. The town where the breeze used to catch up the wild, sweet fragrance of wolf willow on a summer evening until the very sweetness hurt, where on the coulee-cut sand hills west of the courthouse we used to gather those yellow cactuses with flowers like fabulous French hats and exquisitely cruel spikes. The town where northern lights used to flame across

the sky as we trudged home from a corn roast at the Lone Tree or sang songs in the old Maxwell car on the way back from a picnic at The Landing. Was none of it still here?
Surely it couldn't all have changed. I wanted to see the wind on the wheat, the hills muted to purple and blue as the sun set, to swim in the creek down at Elmwood Park, to let my tongue linger over a banana split at the Princess café. But this drab prairie town, the dreary red CPR buildings, the tumbleweed tumbled by the wind . . .
The friends were there and they mattered, people who had been tempered and shaped and made

beautiful by geography or gnarled like a juniper root. Their greeting was warmer than any I'd seen since I went away. They spoke my childhood language, their very vowels and consonants broadened and flattened by space, their hearts made big by that beautiful, challenging, sculpting geography. I wasn't crazy after all. I was home again.
*Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,*

There aren't any buffalo any more. There never were in my time, in my father's either. Today there are thousands of white-faced Herefords. But there are antelope—only last December I ate a roast shot by one of the town's leading dentists.

*Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.*

Only last fall Swift Current was adjusting itself to the third successive year of bad crops without noticeable grumbling. True, Miss Sinclair talked about putting in some cheaper lines of lingerie at Cooper's store and Archie Walkinshaw wasn't selling as many expensive, imported perfumes in his drug-store. But Kling's, on Railway Street, was advertising its usual payday sale, the CPR still had an annual payroll of over \$500,000. And D. M. Walz had to rush in from a taxi flight with his Cessna airplane to be on time to drop Santa Claus behind St. Joan of Arc Academy at the top of Central Avenue so as not to disappoint the thousands of youngsters who had been lining the sidewalks for hours. Business was pretty much as usual.

To try to understand a prairie town by passing through it on a train is like trying to assess a book from the blurb on the jacket. You can't feel a prairie town's pride and loyalty from what you see on Railway Street, or even Central Avenue. One man drove through Swift Current at 11 o'clock on a July morning and the only moving thing he saw was a cat disdainfully picking its way from the Eagle Theatre to the Royal Bank. He might have been in Toronto.

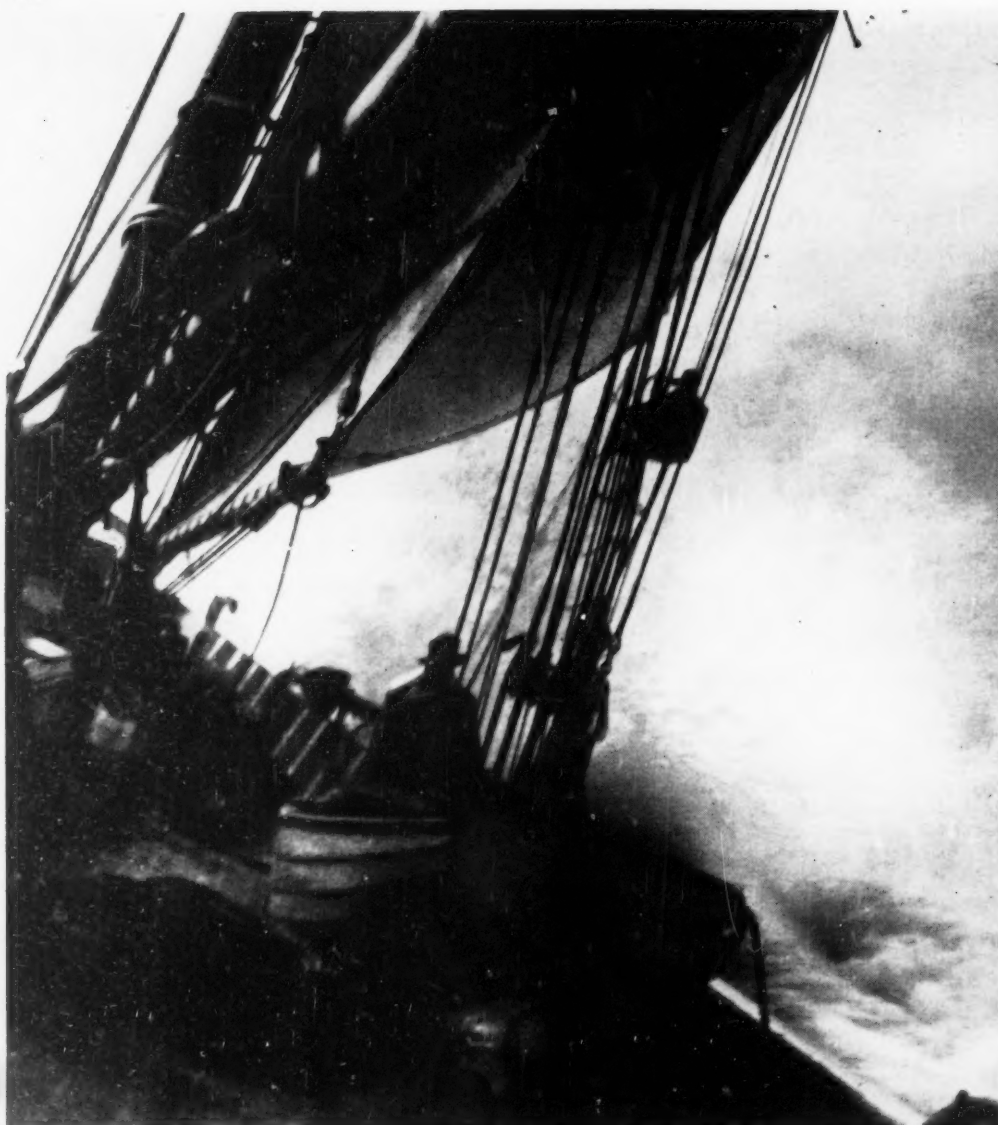
As a matter of fact folks in Swift Current were doing what folks in Toronto, and most other places, usually do on a hot July Sunday morning. Mildred Grinder had just played the chimes at Metropolitan Church and the choir was opening with "Praise to the Holiest." The priest at Sacred Heart Roman Catholic Church was taking off his vestments and a sweat-drenched collar after the second mass. It was just touching 98 in the shade. At St. Stephen's Anglican Church next door the rector had begun reading the prayer for rain. The other churches were comfortably filled—for a morning when the whole world was dominated by that burning copper sky.

The kiddies' wading pool was more than comfortably filled. At Elmwood

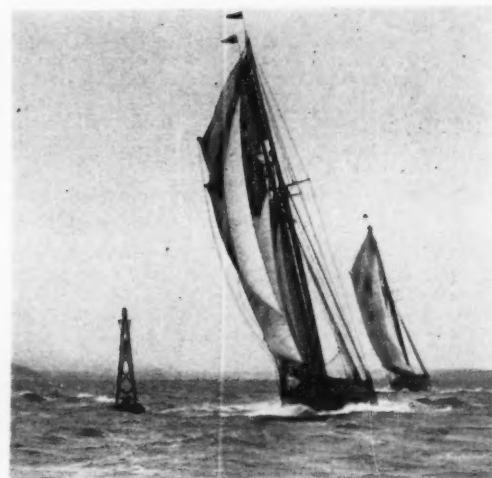
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CENTRAL AVENUE is Swift Current's Main Street. In the 90's brave boosters called it Little Chicago.



OFF SABLE ISLAND, the graveyard of the Atlantic, Bluenose meets heavy seas. A working ship as well as a racer, she lost only one series (to the Thebaud, 1930) in 17 years. Twice later she beat Thebaud.



MAIDEN RACE of the Bluenose, built in 1921 to recapture the Fishermen's Trophy for Canada.



WIDE WORLD

CAP. WALTERS still has her plans—and memories. Rule of thumb gave her that magic bow (right).

THE TRAGEDY OF THE BLUENOSE

For 25 years she queened the Banks. Yanks challenged her in vain. A proud nation put her on its coins. She wore the King's sails. Then, in 1946, a humble tramp, she died on a far shore. Lunenburg mourns as if it were yesterday

By CHARLES RAWLINGS

GET to Lunenburg," the editor's request said, "and pick up a yarn on the tragedy of the Bluenose."

Tragedy! What was there tragic about that roaring old great one? Old Stormalong herself! Old Weather Leg! The champion fishing schooner of the North Atlantic with the wood to beat her still growing! She had tramped them down from 1921 to 1938 one after the other as they came; the best Gloucester, Mass., and Boston could produce in those last tempestuous days of sail. She had started slow with them and reached placidly out

the off-wind leg to the turning buoy as relaxed as a sauntering steeplechaser. And then, with a snort and a flexing of her great loins, she hardened on the wind, sheets in, rail down, spray flying off her powerful bow and left them wallowing and beaten astern.

Elsie, the Henry Ford, the splendid Columbia, the Gertrude L. Thebaud—she had beaten them all for the International Fishermen's Trophy in five races from 1921 until the series was discontinued in 1938. She beat them in good weather and bad, off Halifax, Gloucester and Boston. In midcareer, just as Angus Walters, her firebrand little skipper, had warned, she brushed aside her one Canadian sister, Haligonian, who dared challenge her. Only once she lost a series (to the

Thebaud, in 1930) but it wasn't for the International Trophy; twice later she trimmed Thebaud when the stakes were down for the big cup.

She sailed to England where the King gave her a mainsail. She sailed the Great Lakes and queened it over the World's Fair water front at Chicago and at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto.

Her likeness, reaching across a blue sea, is on one of the most beautiful postage stamps in the world, the 50-cent issued in 1928-29. She is minted, topsails and all, on a Canadian dime. In stone mosaic she jogs forever

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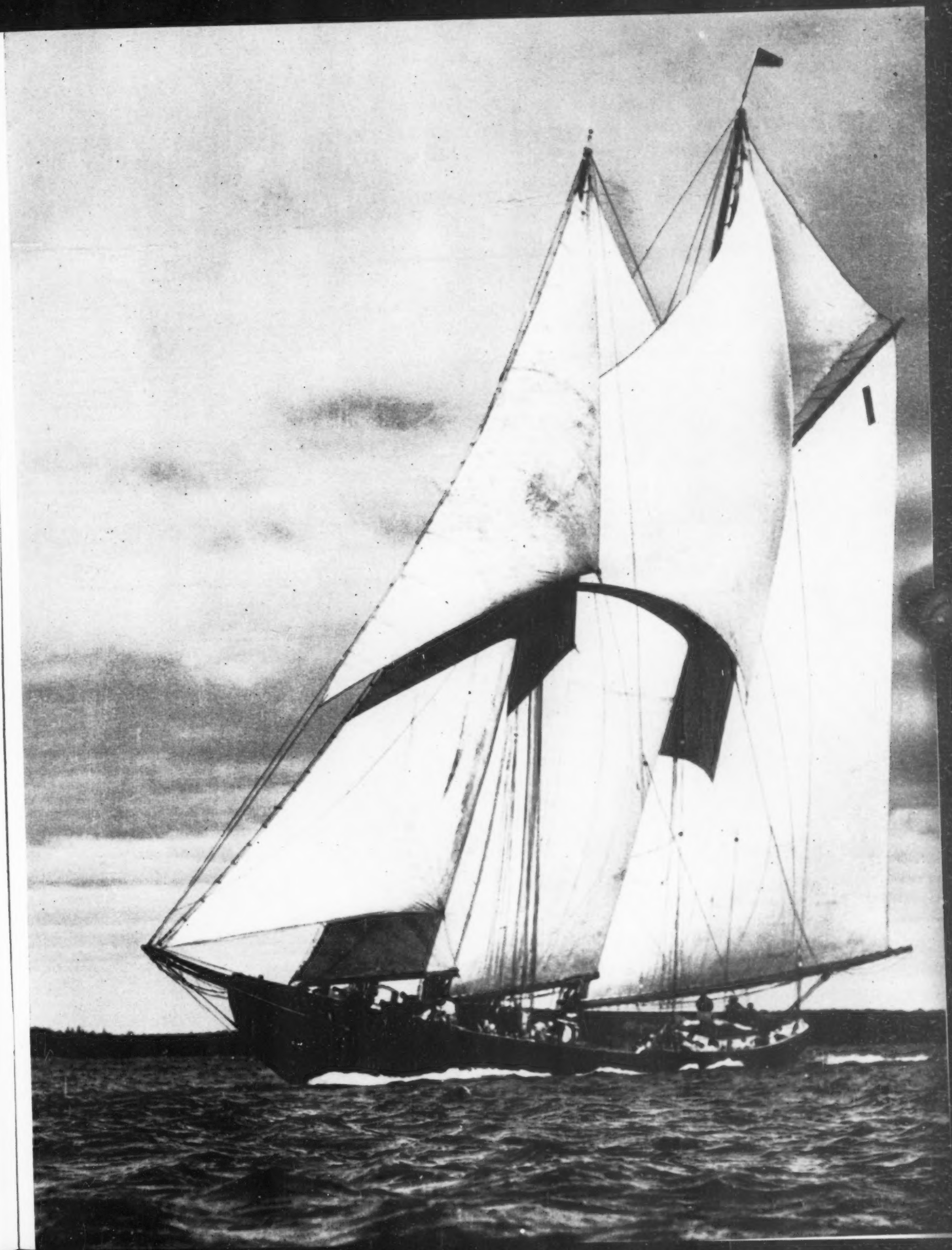
Illustrations from "Schooner Bluenose" by Andrew Merkel and W. R. MacAskill, by permission of the Ryerson Press.

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FRUSTRATION IS GOOD FOR KIDS

By JUNE CALLWOOD

Childhood inhibitions get little sympathy in Dr. W. E. Blatz' unique school for infants. Its founder believes children can be happy but civilized without benefit of spankings, bawlings-out or even Freud

DR. WILLIAM E. BLATZ, rated by some people as the world's best psychologist and by a few as the world's worst, is what they call a disturber. He tells mothers that mother-love is easily overdone; he tells dentists that a normal amount of thumb-sucking won't damage a child's teeth; he tells educationists that our educational system produces intellectual snobs and bores; he tells sweet-faced grandmothers that protecting a child against all frustration is neither possible nor desirable; and he tells Dr. Brock Chisholm that there is a Santa Claus. By implication he tells Freud, idol of his profession, to go climb a tree.

While apoplectic dissenters gather themselves for the rebuttal Blatz stifles a yawn. He admits he doesn't know everything that goes on within the distant recesses of the infant mind. But he suspects he knows his share.

This confidence is not altogether without foundation. In 1925 Blatz was hired to organize one of the world's first laboratories for the study of childhood mentality. For 25 years he has been director of this project, now known as the University of Toronto Institute of Child Study, and from it has sprung many of the accepted techniques and philosophies of the modern nursery school. Most

nursery schools in the world have pondered—favorably or unfavorably—his doctrines.

In addition Blatz has been psychological adviser to Toronto's juvenile and family courts and he has maintained a private practice helping parents rear their young of practically all ages.

Blatz, who is 55 this month, has some grey hair around his bald pate and a liking for polka-dot bow ties. He delivers most of his blockbusters with a negligent smile and half-closed eyelids, so it is impossible to tell if he has his tongue in his cheek.

To those who contend that his ego exceeds his humility he retorts: "I'd be a self-complacent fool if I thought I knew it all." But he adds airily: "Just remember, though, Freud never studied children."

After a quarter century of studying children Blatz has a good deal to say about the care and cultivation of small people. He says love isn't necessary ("What is love anyway? Just a relationship. Coddling a child will never cure its crying.") Consistency is the important quality, he holds.

"The child needs a refuge, something absolutely stable and consistent," *Continued on page 34*

Blatz scoffs at child educators who think the way to cure a brat is to let him go on being a brat. He teaches the tots that it's easier to discipline themselves.



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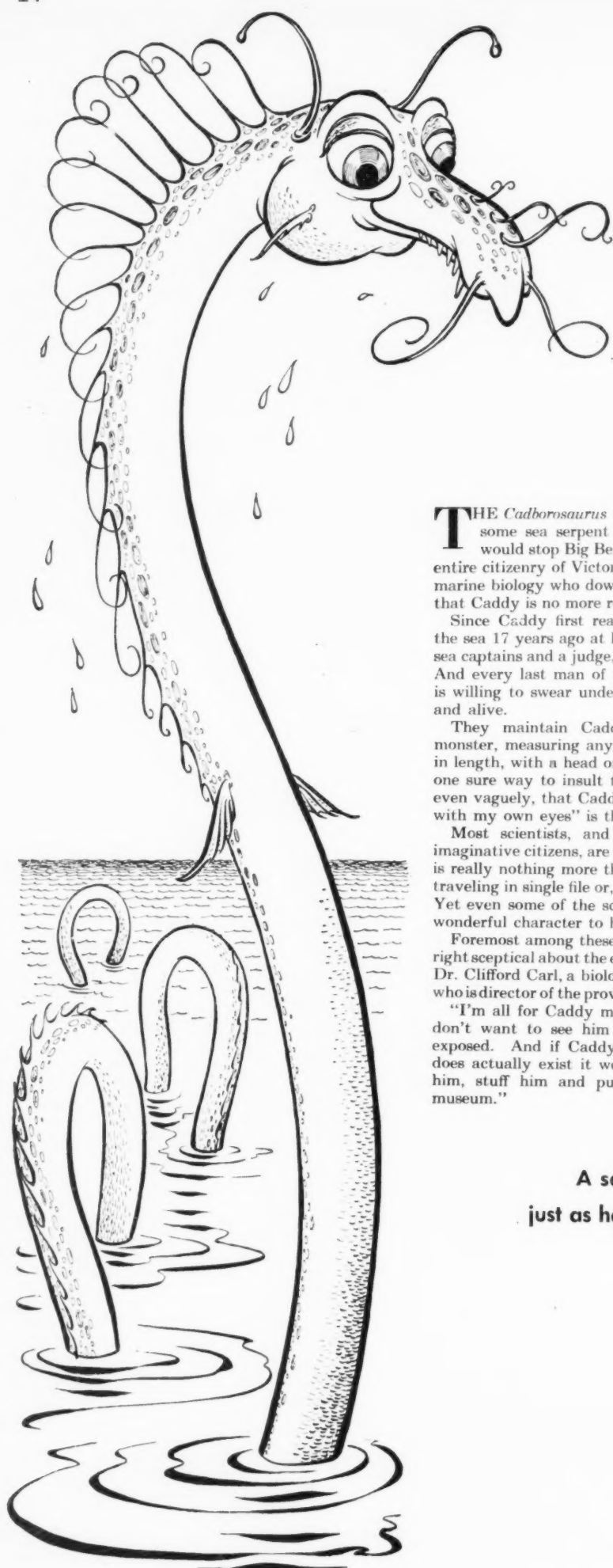
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Caddy, King Of the Coast

By RAY GARDNER

CARTOON BY LEN NORRIS

THE *Cadborosaurus* (Caddy for short), a fearsome sea serpent with a pan on him that would stop Big Ben, is the beloved pet of the entire citizenry of Victoria, including an expert on marine biology who down deep in his heart knows that Caddy is no more real than a flying saucer.

Since Caddy first reared his ugly head out of the sea 17 years ago at least 500 people, including sea captains and a judge, have reported seeing him. And every last man of them, the judge included, is willing to swear under oath that Caddy is real and alive.

They maintain Caddy is a great snakelike monster, measuring anywhere from 35 to 110 feet in length, with a head on him like a camel's. The one sure way to insult these people is to suggest, even vaguely, that Caddy is not real. "I saw him with my own eyes" is their clinching argument.

Most scientists, and many of Victoria's less imaginative citizens, are convinced that the serpent is really nothing more than three or four sea lions traveling in single file or, perhaps, an elephant seal. Yet even some of the scientists think Caddy is a wonderful character to have on the loose.

Foremost among these, even though he is downright sceptical about the existence of sea monsters, is Dr. Clifford Carl, a biologist and expert on sea life who is director of the provincial museum at Victoria.

"I'm all for Caddy myself," says Dr. Carl. "I don't want to see him (or her, or it, or them) exposed. And if Caddy by some strange chance does actually exist it would be a pity to capture him, stuff him and put him on view in some museum."

Real or not, everybody loves Caddy. On that score alone the beast justifies his existence. Best of all he is no fair-weather friend. Indeed he possesses the uncanny knack of timing his appearances to coincide with Victoria's moments of deepest despair, as though he is quite aware that he can help dispel the gloom.

"Caddy's a psychologist," remarks Archie Wills, managing editor of the *Victoria Times*, who helped name the beast and who has been his Boswell ever since.

"It's significant," adds Wills, "that Caddy made his first appearance in 1934 at the very depth of the depression. We certainly needed distraction then."

During the war Caddy nearly always picked the precisely correct psychological moment to raise his ugly head. And his most recent series of appearances came last February when Victoria was in the grip of a record cold spell that threatened to freeze the brass door knobs off the Empress Hotel.

Caddy does everything but breathe fire. Those who have seen him say he's the most unforgettable character they've ever met.

Listen to this bizarre description of the monster given several years ago by one Jack Nord, who encountered *Cadborosaurus* near Oyster River, off the east coast of Vancouver Island.

"He was about 100 to 110 feet long. His body was about two and a half feet in diameter. His head was as large as a draft horse's, but it looked more like a camel's. He had fangs in his mouth, six to eight inches long. His eyes seemed to roll in their sockets, changing from a reddish color to green."

Continued on page 42

A sea serpent that's as real as the flying saucer and just as harmless still churns the Pacific for its favored fans



Wildcats are risky

To an oil man a "wildcat" is a well drilled in an area where oil has never been found. Drilling a wildcat is a risky undertaking and a costly one. Some wells have cost more than a million dollars—and have not been successful.

For that reason oil men make as certain as they can, before drilling, that there is a good chance of finding oil. They use the most modern instruments and skills to locate each drilling site; but still the odds are 20 to one against them. Only about one wildcat in 20 becomes a producer.

Over the past 30 years oil men have worked continuously against these odds. In western Canada Imperial alone drilled 134 wells—all dry—before the Leduc field was discovered in 1947.

But the end result has been new oil for Canada and benefits for Canadians. There are thousands of new jobs. Millions of U.S. dollars are being saved as the need for imported oil lessens. And, as another natural resource moves toward full development, the Canadian standard of living climbs higher.

These are real benefits to Canadians and they will increase as more oil is found. But to find more oil and to spread the advantages it brings, oil men must continue to work against long odds.

Sometimes a job that *must* be done *can't* be done without great risks.



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About Canada's Oil—Canada's proven oil reserves now amount to about one billion barrels, as compared with only 72 million barrels in 1946.

It is estimated the oil industry will spend \$150 millions for exploration and development in western Canada this year.

Last year Imperial drilled or shared in the drilling of 70 wildcat wells.

If the wells drilled by Imperial to find and produce oil in Canada during 1949 were placed end to end they would total 231 miles.



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They're Killing Our Democracy

Continued from page 11

The wisdom of reciprocity is not the question here. The question is whether the politicians were being frank with the public and there can only be one answer from the conflict of their speeches and their acts.

One election need not alarm us if it were not just a phase of a continuing phenomenon. We were not facing the facts before the election. We are not facing them now.

True, some of the more fanciful of the election myths have been destroyed by subsequent events but the larger fantasy—the notion that our national position is sound, that we can expect and deserve greater prosperity automatically, that we can have more and more state services for nothing, that we can spend more and tax less, above all that we can afford to take it easy in a world where to take it easy is to lose everything we have fought for these hundreds of years—this larger fantasy still persists and is sedulously cultivated by politicians and public in happy conspiracy together.

Double talk, in elections and between them, continues as a new form of Basic English.

Mr. Gardiner's farm policies, proclaimed by him as by a sovereign and autonomous government, often without the authority or support of the Cabinet; the postponement of deportation proceedings against certain Frenchmen until various Quebec by-elections were out of the way; the legends of the postwar White Paper, which charted full employment, followed this year by the Government's announcement that over 350,000 unemployed do not constitute a real problem; the deliberate (and no doubt unavoidable) policy of paying for a large part of the war by reducing the value of all savings some 40% through the inflation of the currency and yet maintaining the fiction that nothing permanent has happened to the dollar—such acts of government are equaled by the dissimulation, shifts and wriggles of the opposition parties and of politicians in all other democratic countries. They are matched by the double talk of a public which is bent on something-for-nothing, on governmental miracles, on anything but facts.

Why Speeches Are Dull

The current disease of democratic countries is thus the joint product of politicians and public. It will not be cured by the politicians alone, who reflect the public mind like a true mirror. It will be cured only when the public prefers the facts and forces the politicians to divulge them.

The second symptom of this disease, the natural outcome of the first, is the increasing separation between government and governed. A stranger might say that government is coming every day closer to the people as it increasingly regulates their lives, dips deeper into their pockets, gives them larger services and assaults their ears with louder propaganda. On the contrary, in the essential democratic communion of mind between government and governed the line of communication is growing thinner and weaker all the time.

How many Canadians read, in Hansard, the speeches of our Parliament? How much space do the newspapers give them? The speeches are less and less read and reported because they are growing duller and duller.

They do not grow duller because the

politicians are growing more stupid. They grow duller because the studious politician, operating in a world of facts and figures remote from ordinary life, hesitates to communicate his actual thoughts to a public which probably will misunderstand him.

For public consumption on the radio or in election campaigns, therefore, he compresses his thoughts into vague shorthand, into mere slogans and clichés. Hence the distance between the real mind of politics and the real mind of the public widens while it seems to shrink. The able politician

becomes two men—the public man making gestures and striking postures on the platform and the private man grappling with the business of government which, as he fears, is beyond the public's grasp.

A distinguished Canadian public servant told me the other day that the great advantage of Canadian politics over American is that in Canada we have "reticence" in government, whereas in the United States no president, politician or diplomat can change even his mind in private.

Reticence, however, is a habit-form-

ing drug. Its users soon are unable to distinguish matters which must be secret in the negotiation stage from established facts, decisions and policies which the public has every right to know, to modify or reject before they are finally set.

Many politicians and civil servants have lost this power of distinction altogether. Many newspapers, equally guilty in this matter, have lost the capacity to discover, convey and argue the facts. The public is too lazy or bewildered to seek and master even the simplest facts needed to form a judg-

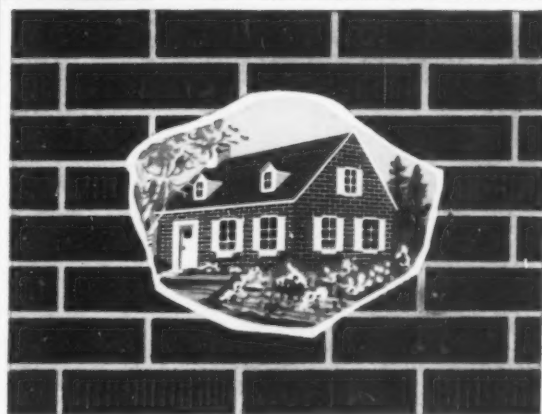


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ment on any policy. How many readers of these lines could say, for example, what the state is spending this year, the amount of its debt, the volume of goods produced and where they are sold?

For all the modern means of mass communication government is becoming more and more a mystery. Politics is turning into a priestcraft, with one language for the public and another for the professionals. Society, so far as its actual management is concerned, is being quietly transformed into a secret society.

Politicians of the inferior sort accept all this cynically as part of the game. Politicians of the better sort generally accept it as the inevitable consequence of our complex fashion of life and the resulting complex system of government. Whether they realize it or not, this is the denial of democracy's original premise.

"Parliament Has Abdicated"

Here emerges the paramount question of our time: Do we still believe that the collective wisdom of the people at the bottom is surer and safer than the wisdom of a few clever men at the top? If that question is answered in the negative then democracy loses its right to live. In Ottawa, as in London and Washington, more and more powerful men are answering, secretly and often subconsciously, in the negative.

In Canada that paramount question is raised most vividly by the decline of Parliament.

The institution of parliament was the British people's master invention, a mechanism which could protect all the other gifts of freedom, justice and the sanctity of the individual man. In Burke's classic definition parliament is the custodian of the nation's thought, the breeding ground of national policy, the maker of ideas, the final authority over government and governed alike.

By this definition the Canadian Parliament has abdicated.

It no longer breeds ideas and shapes policies. They come down from government for perfunctory approval. The government, not the legislature, legislates in all but form. Recent parliaments have lost even the capacity to criticize the government's legislation effectively.

Parliament has meekly accepted this reversal of its historic position. When a child of the Commons, an experienced minister and a student of history like C. G. (Chubby) Power, protests this abdication he is written off as a dreamer or a traitor to the politicians' guild. Despite his superior abilities he is ostentatiously excluded from the Cabinet in favor of smaller, more amenable guildsmen.

In the words of the most brilliant Canadian mind of my acquaintance, Parliament now possesses only the power of the death sentence over the government and never executes it because the axe of an election will fall on its own head.

It is commonly supposed that the decline of Parliament in the last two decades is purely accidental, the result of the Conservative Party's persistent suicides and the consequent lack of any effective opposition. This accident, repeated through four elections, doubtless explains the impotence of Parliament in part, but a deeper process has been at work and we are now reaping its fruit.

In Canada's early years its best brains gravitated naturally into politics. Parliament was the obvious goal for the Baldwins, Macdonalds, Blakes and Lauriers, and under such leadership Parliament made itself the central force of our society.

As the first fascinating problem of nation building was solved, the genius of the Canadian people turned away from politics to business, to the professions and later to the organization of agriculture and labor unions. When, today, we manage to draft a man of high talent like Louis St. Laurent out of business into politics we are just plain lucky.

But something deeper still has happened. We have developed in America a capsule civilization. We have made automobiles, cosmetics, chewing gum and everything else a standard product, the same whether it is sold in Halifax or Victoria. Quietly, unknowingly, insidiously, we have applied the same method of efficient standardization, monotony and mediocrity to our own lives.

The developing national life, wrapped up in standard packages (the precise denial of America's original instinct of individuality), has expressed itself in our political institutions. We have produced a standardized, packaged, capsule Parliament in Ottawa and a similar Congress in Washington.

Where Parliament was once inseminated by flaming heretics and uncomfortable protestants, that useful breed has died. Party oligarchies can brook no serious opposition, they crush the independent mind under a steam roller and make of the back-bencher not, as Burke esteemed him, a partner in a deliberative body but a nameless cog in a great machine. He is supported, flattered and re-elected so long as he keeps quiet and votes right. He is buried in his capsule.

That is not the end of the current revolution. Ironically enough, at the very moment when government is gaining possession of all the techniques of power it is losing the thing itself.

The Real Rulers

If parliament, in its original conception, has become almost a fiction, the power of government is becoming more fictitious all the time. Power ostensibly has been transferred from the legislature to the executive. In fact it has moved more and more beyond the government into an anonymous group of experts. The centre of gravity in Ottawa today is not in the cabinet chamber. It is in the higher echelon of the civil service.

This also is in part accidental. By a happy accident we have brought together in about a dozen civil servants the best brains of the nation—a powerhouse of ability the like of which has never been seen here and seldom in any country. One of the chief public servants of the United States said to me in Washington the other day that the high-bracket civil service of Ottawa was unquestionably the ablest in the world. It is as selfless, overworked and underpaid as it is able.

No wonder, then, that baffled governments turn to their experts not merely for figures, technical knowledge and advice but for policies and principles. No wonder that cabinets, physically unable to read all their orders-in-council, regulations and reports, must rely on the experts who wrote them. No wonder, when the new minister quickly finds at hand officials who know far more than he can ever hope to learn, that power seeps, by a kind of osmosis, out of the cabinet and into the brain trust because, in fact, it has the brains.

The same thing is happening in all democratic countries. Now it is true, of course, that more expert knowledge is needed in government than ever before and yet more will be needed; but to say that government should be equipped with the best technical advice

is a very different thing from saying that the nonelected adviser should be the governor. Nor does he usually wish to be. With some power-hungry exceptions the ablest public servants only wish government would govern and leave them in peace.

As in all aspects of democratic government, it is a question of drawing the line and drawing it in public, not in secret. In government today the old line is broken, no clear new line is being drawn and everywhere the retreat of the elected men before the thrust of the nonelected is conducted in secret and denied in public.

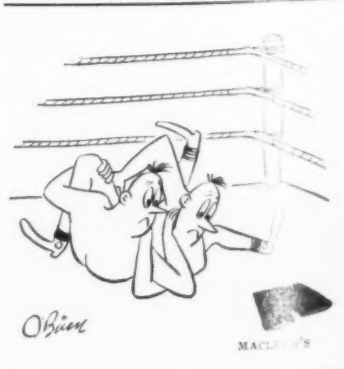
If we agree that government is beyond the capacity of ordinary men elected to govern, it simply means that we have built a society which cannot afford democracy as we have understood that term. Democracy, as we have understood it, is obsolete. Something new is emerging, a managerial revolution inside the structure of politics. As the managers have largely taken private business over from the corporate stockholders so, we are asked to believe, the experts must take public business over from the people's elected representatives.

The Witnesses Are Prejudiced

This is presented as an inevitable evolution, a dialectical imperative, a law of history. Perhaps it is. Though this voter dissents, it may conceivably be not only inevitable but wise. But assuredly it is not the system our nation was built for. It is not the system which the public imagines to be in operation. It is not the parliamentary system invented, perfected and defended through 300 years of labor and bloodshed. And assuredly it is not a system authorized by the people.

This new, half-formed pseudosystem is not tested yet. Its existence is not even realized by its practitioners or by the electorate. But whatever it is or may become it is condemning the old parliamentary system without fair trial. The witnesses against the old-fashioned Parliament are all the prejudiced advocates and benefactors of the new method. The prisoner is tongue-tied and almost seems to be drugged like the prisoners of Russian trials. The judge, who is the public, is nodding in his chair after a heavy meal of prosperity.

Still, after much confusion, the issue before the court can now be stated. It is whether the people really wish to rule and are fit to rule through Parliament. As of today the answer must be no. The test of a people's wish to rule is their willingness to know the facts, good and bad. The test of their right to rule is their ability to understand, face and act upon the facts when known. In this country and others we have been failing on both counts. Not the humble sculptors but we ourselves have carved the blank, amorphous and secret face of Ottawa. ★





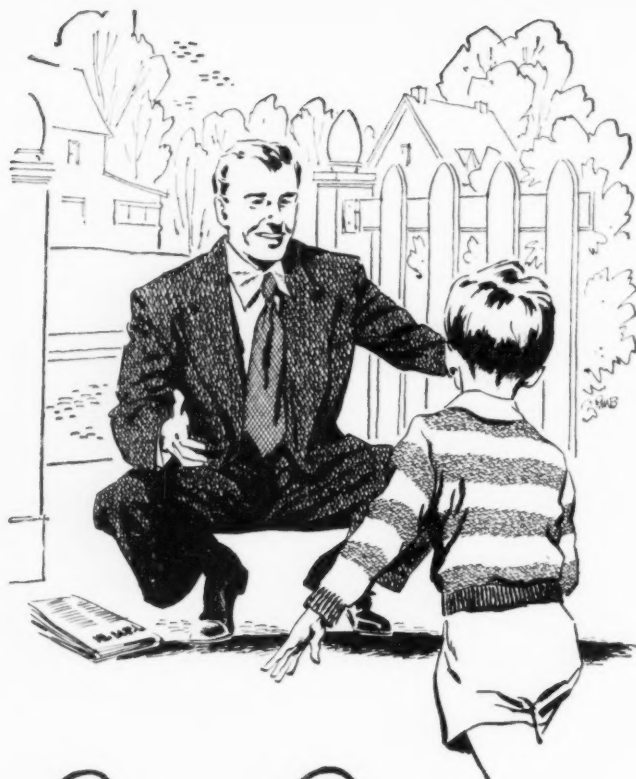
Marbleum Patterns illustrated above: Ground, green M. 99, Breakfast Nook inlays, M/92 and kitchen inlays, M. 12, splash area back of sink, M. 39. Domolite plastic curtains in breakfast nook pattern 1449 and in kitchen pattern 1442

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The Boy Who Predicted Earthquakes

Continued from page 17

much a headache for us. He says a script dries him up. He's on the air for 12 minutes. Most of that time he just talks quietly, telling the viewers about what he's been doing in school, the books he's been reading, and so on. The kind of stuff you'd hear from any nice, quiet boy. But he always makes one or two predictions, always at least one, and never more than three. They are always things that will happen within 48 hours. Herbert says he can't see any farther ahead than that.

"And they do happen?" Read said. It was less a question than a statement.

"They do," Wellman replied, somewhat heavily. He puffed out his lips. "Herbert predicted the stratosphere liner wreck off Guam last April, the Gulf states hurricane, the election results. He predicted the submarine disaster in the Tortugas. Do you realize that the FBI has an agent sitting in the studio with him during every show out of range of the scanners? That's so he can be taken off the air immediately if he says anything that might be contrary to public policy. They take him that seriously."

"I went over the kid's record yesterday when I heard the University was thinking of studying him. His show has been going out now for a year and a half, twice a week. He's made 106 predictions during that time. And every one of them, every single one of them, has come true. By now the general public has such confidence in him that—" Wellman licked his lips and hunted for a comparison—"that they'd believe him if he predicted the end of the world or the winner of the Irish Sweepstakes."

"I'm sincere about this, Read, terrifically sincere. Herbert is the biggest thing in TV since the invention of the selenium cell. You can't overestimate him or his importance. And now, shall we go take in his show? It's just about time for him to go on."

WELLMAN got up from his desk chair, smoothing the design of pink and purple penguins on his necktie into place. He led Read through the corridors of the station to the observation room of studio 8G, where Herbert Pinner was.

Herbert looked, Read thought, like a nice quiet boy. He was about 15, tall for his age, with a pleasant, intelligent, somewhat careworn face. He went about the preparation for his show with perfect composure which might hide a touch of distaste.

"... I have been reading a very interesting book," Herbert said to the TV audience. "Its name is 'The Count of Monte Cristo.' I think almost anybody might enjoy it." He held up the book for the viewers to see. "I have also begun a book on astronomy by a man named Duncan. Reading that book has made me want a telescope. My father says that if I work hard and get good grades in school, I can have a small telescope at the end of the term. I will tell you what I can see with the telescope after we buy it."

"There will be an earthquake, not a bad one, in the north Atlantic states tonight. There will be considerable property damage, but no one will be killed. Tomorrow morning about 10 o'clock they will find Gwendolyn Box who has been lost in the Sierras since Thursday. Her leg is broken but she will still be alive."

"After I get the telescope I hope to become a member of the society of variable star observers. Variable stars

are stars whose brightness varies either because of internal changes or because of external causes . . ."

At the end of the program Read was introduced to young Pinner. He found the boy polite and co-operative, but a little remote.

"I don't know just how I do it, Mr. Read," Herbert said when a number of preliminary questions had been put. "It isn't pictures, the way you suggested, and it isn't words. It's just—it just comes into my mind."

"One thing I've noticed is that I can't predict anything unless I more or less know what it is. I could predict about the earthquake because everybody knows what a quake is, pretty much. But I couldn't have predicted about Gwendolyn Box if I hadn't known she was missing. I'd just have had a feeling that somebody or something was going to be found."

"You mean you can't make predictions about anything unless it's in your consciousness previously?" Read asked intently.

Herbert hesitated. "I guess so," he said. "It makes a . . . a spot in my mind, but I can't identify it. It's like looking at a light with your eyes shut. You know a light is there, but that's all you know about it. That's the reason why I read so many books. The more things I know about, the more things I can predict."

"Sometimes I miss important things, too. I don't know why that is. There was the time the atomic pile exploded and so many people were killed. All I had for that day was an increase in employment."

"I don't know how it works, really, Mr. Read. I just know it does."

Herbert's father came up. He was a small, bouncing man with the extrovert's persuasive personality. "So you're going to investigate Herbie, hum?" he said when the introductions had been performed. "Well, that's fine. It's time he was investigated."

"I believe we are," Read answered with a touch of caution. "I'll have to have the appropriation for the project approved first."

Mr. Pinner looked at him shrewdly. "You want to see whether there's an earthquake first, isn't that it? It's different when you hear him saying it himself. Well, there will be. It's a terrible thing, an earthquake." He clicked his tongue deprecatingly. "But nobody will be killed, that's one good thing. And they'll find that Miss Box the way Herbie says they will."

THE earthquake arrived about 9:15, when Read was sitting under the bridge lamp reading a report from the Society for Psychical Research. There was an ominous muttering rumble and then a long, swaying, seasick roll.

Next morning Read had his secretary put through a call to Haffner, a seismologist with whom he had a casual acquaintanceship. Haffner, over the phone, was definite and brusque.

"Certainly there's no way of foretelling a quake," he snapped. "Not even an hour in advance. If there were, we'd issue warnings and get people out in time. There'd never be any loss of life. We can tell in a general way where a quake is likely, yes. We've known for years that this area was in for one. But as for setting the exact time—you might as well ask an astronomer to predict a nova for you. He doesn't know, and neither do we. What brought this up, anyway? The prediction made by that Pinner kid?"

"Yes. We're thinking of observing him."

"Thinking of it? You mean you're only just now getting around to him? Lord, what ivory towers you research psychologists must live in!"

"You think he's genuine?"

"The answer is an unqualified yes."

Read hung up. When he went out to lunch he saw by the headlines that Miss Box had been found as Herbert had predicted on his radio program.

Still he hesitated. It was not until Thursday that he realized that he was hesitating not because he was afraid of wasting the university's money on a fake, but because he was all too sure that Herbert Pinner was genuine. He didn't at bottom want to start this study. He was afraid.

The realization shocked him. He got the dean on the phone at once, asked for his appropriation, and was told there would be no difficulty about it. Friday morning he selected his two assistants for the project, and by the time Herbert's program was nearly due to go out, they were at the station.

They found Herbert sitting tensely on a chair in studio 8G with Wellman and four or six other station executives clustered around him. His father was dancing about excitedly, wringing his hands. Even the FBI man had abandoned his usual detachment and impassivity, and was joining warmly in the argument. And Herbert, in the middle, was shaking his head and saying, "No, no, I can't," over and over again doggedly.

"But why not, Herbie?" his father wailed. "Please tell me why not. Why won't you give your show?"

"I can't," Herbert said. "Please don't ask me. I just can't." Read noticed how white the boy was around the mouth.

"But Herbie, you can have anything you want, anything, if you only will! That telescope—I'll buy it for you tomorrow. I'll buy it tonight!"

"I don't want a telescope," young Pinner said wanly. "I don't want to look through it."

"I'll get you a pony, a motorboat, a swimming pool! Herbie, I'll get you anything!"

"No," Herbert said. Mr. Pinner looked around him desperately. His eyes fell on Read, standing in the corner, and he hurried over to him. "See what you can do with him, Mr. Read," he panted.

Read chewed his lower lip. In a sense it was his business. He pushed his way through the crowd to Herbert, and put his hand on his shoulder. "What's this I hear about you not wanting to give your show today, Herbert?" he asked.

Herbert looked up at him. The harassed expression in his eyes made Read feel guilty and contrite. "I just can't," he said. "Don't you start asking me too, Mr. Read."

Once more Read chewed his lip. Part of the technique of parapsychology lies in getting subjects to co-operate. "If you don't go on the air, Herbert," he said, "a lot of people are going to be disappointed."

Herbert's face took on a tinge of sullenness. "I can't help it," he said.

"More than that, a lot of people are going to be frightened. They won't know why you aren't going on the air, and they'll imagine things. All sorts of things. If they don't view you an awful lot of people are going to be scared."

"I—" Herbert said. He rubbed his cheek. "Maybe that's right," he answered slowly. "Only . . ."

"You've got to go on with your show."

Herbert capitulated suddenly. "All right," he said, "I'll try."

Everyone in the studio sighed deeply. There was a general motion toward the door of the observation room. Voices were raised in high-pitched, rather nervous chatter. The crisis was over, the worst would not occur.

THE first part of Herbert's show was much like the others had been. The boy's voice was a trifle unsteady and his hands had a tendency to shake, but these abnormalities would have passed the average viewer unnoticed. When perhaps five minutes of the show had gone, Herbert put aside the books and drawings (he had been discussing mechanical drawing) he had been showing his audience, and began to speak with great seriousness.

"I want to tell you about tomorrow," he said. "Tomorrow—" he stopped and swallowed—"tomorrow is going to be different from what anything in the past has been. Tomorrow is going to be the start of a new and better world for all of us."

Read, listening in the glass-enclosed room, felt an incredulous thrill race over him at the words. He glanced around at the faces of the others and saw that they were listening intently, their faces strained and rapt. Wellman's lower jaw dropped a little, and he absently fingered the unicorns on his tie.

"In the past," young Pinner said, "we've had a pretty bad time. We've had wars—so many wars—and famines and pestilences. We've had depressions and haven't known what caused them, we've had people starving when there was food and dying of diseases for which we knew the cure. We've seen the wealth of the world wasted shamelessly, the rivers running black with the washed-off soil, while hunger for all of us got surer and nearer every day. We've suffered, we've had a hard time."

"Beginning tomorrow—" his voice grew louder and more deep—"all that is going to be changed. There won't be any more wars. We're going to live side by side like brothers. We're going to forget about killing and breaking and bombs. From pole to pole the world will be one great garden, full of richness and fruit, and it will be for all of us to have and use and enjoy. People will live a long time and live happily, and when they die it will be from old age. Nobody will be afraid any more. For the first time since human beings lived on earth, we're going to live the way human beings should."

"The cities will be full of the richness of culture, full of art and music and books. And every race on earth will contribute to that culture, each in its degree. We're going to be wiser and happier and richer than any people have ever been. And pretty soon—" he hesitated for a moment, as if his thought had stumbled—"pretty soon we're going to send out rocket ships."

"We'll go to Mars and Venus and Jupiter. We'll go to the limits of our solar system to see what Uranus and Pluto are like. And maybe from there—it's possible—we'll go on and visit the stars."

"Tomorrow is going to be the beginning of all that. That's all for now. Good-by. Good night."

For a moment after he had ceased no one moved or spoke. Then voices began to babble deliriously. Read, glancing around, noticed how white their faces were and how dilated their eyes.

"Wonder what effect the new setup will have on TV?" Wellman said, as if to himself. His tie was flopping wildly about. "There'll be TV, that's certain—it's part of the good life." And then, to Pinner, who was blowing his nose and wiping his eyes, "Get him out of here, Pinner, right away. He'll be mobbed if he stays here."

Herbert's father nodded. He dashed into the studio after Herbert, who was already surrounded, and came back with him. With Read running interference, they fought their way through

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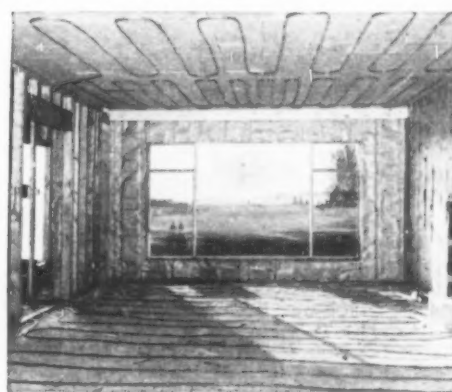


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the corridor and down to the street level at the station's back.

READ got into the car uninvited and sat down opposite Herbert on one of the folding seats. The boy looked quite exhausted, but his lips wore a faint smile. "You'd better have the chauffeur take you to some quiet hotel," Read said to the senior Pinner. "You'd be besieged if you went to your usual place."

Pinner nodded. "Hotel Triller," he said to the driver of the car. "Go slow, cabby. We want to think."

He slipped his arm around his son and hugged him. His eyes were shining. "I'm proud of you, Herbie," he declared solemnly, "as proud as can be. What you said—those were wonderful, wonderful things."

The driver had made no move to start the car. Now he turned round and spoke. "It's young Mr. Pinner, isn't it? I was watching you just now. Could I shake your hand?"

After a moment Herbert leaned forward and extended it. The chauffeur accepted it almost reverently. "I just want to thank you—just want to

thank you—Oh, hell! Excuse me, Mr. Herbert. But what you said meant a lot to me. I was in the last war."

The car slid away from the curb. As it moved downtown, Read saw that Pinner's injunction to the driver to go slow had been unnecessary. People were thronging the streets already. The sidewalks were choked. People began to spill over onto the pavements. The car slowed to a walk, to a crawl, and still they poured out. Read snapped the blinds down for fear Herbert should be recognized.

Newsboys were screaming on the

corners in raucous hysteria. As the car came to a halt Pinner opened the door and slipped out. He came scrambling back with an armload of papers he had bought.

"**NEW WORLD COMING!**" one read, another "**MILLENNIUM TO-MORROW!**" and another, quite simply, "**JOY TO THE WORLD!**" Read spread the papers out and began to read the story in one of them.

"A 15-year-old boy told the world that its troubles were over beginning tomorrow, and the world went wild with joy. The boy, Herbert Pinner, whose uncannily accurate predictions have won him a world-wide following, predicted an era of peace, abundance and prosperity such as the world has never known before . . ."

"Isn't it wonderful, Herbert?" Pinner panted. His eyes were blazing. He shook Herbert's arm. "Isn't it wonderful? Aren't you glad?"

"Yes," Herbert said. They got to the hotel at last and registered. They were given a suite on the sixteenth floor. Even at this height they could faintly hear the excitement of the crowd below.

"Lie down and rest, Herbert," Mr. Pinner said. "You look worn out. Telling all that—it was hard on you." He bounced around the room for a moment and then turned to Herbert apologetically. "You'll excuse me if I go out, son, won't you? I'm too excited to be quiet. I want to see what's going on outside." His hand was on the knob of the door.

"Yes, go ahead," Herbert answered. He had sunk down in a chair.

READ and Herbert were alone in the room. There was silence for a moment. Herbert laced his fingers over his forehead and sighed.

"Herbert," Read said softly. "I thought you couldn't see into the future for more than forty-eight hours ahead."

"That's right," Herbert replied without looking up.

"Then how could you foresee all the things you predicted tonight?"

The question seemed to sink into the silence of the room like a stone dropped into a pond. Ripples spread out from it. Herbert said: "Do you really want to know?"

For a moment Read had to hunt for the name of the emotion he felt. It was fear. He answered, "Yes."

Herbert got up and went over to the window. He stood looking out, not at the crowded streets, but at the sky—where, thanks to daylight-saving time, a faint sunset glow yet lingered.

"I wouldn't have known if I hadn't read the book," he said, turning around, the words coming out in a rush. "I'd just have known something big—big—was going to happen. But now I know. I read about it in my astronomy book."

"Look over here." He pointed to the west, where the sun had been. "Tomorrow it won't be like this."

"What do you mean?" Read cried. His voice was sharp with anxiety.

"What are you trying to say?"

"That . . . tomorrow the sun will be different. Maybe it's better this way. I wanted them to be happy. You mustn't hold it against me, Mr. Read, that I lied to them."

Read turned on him fiercely. "What is it? What's going to happen tomorrow? You've got to say!"

"Why, tomorrow the sun—I've forgotten the word. What is it they call it when a star flares up suddenly, when it becomes a billion times hotter than it was before?"

"A nova?" Read cried.

"That's it. Tomorrow . . . the sun is going to explode." ★

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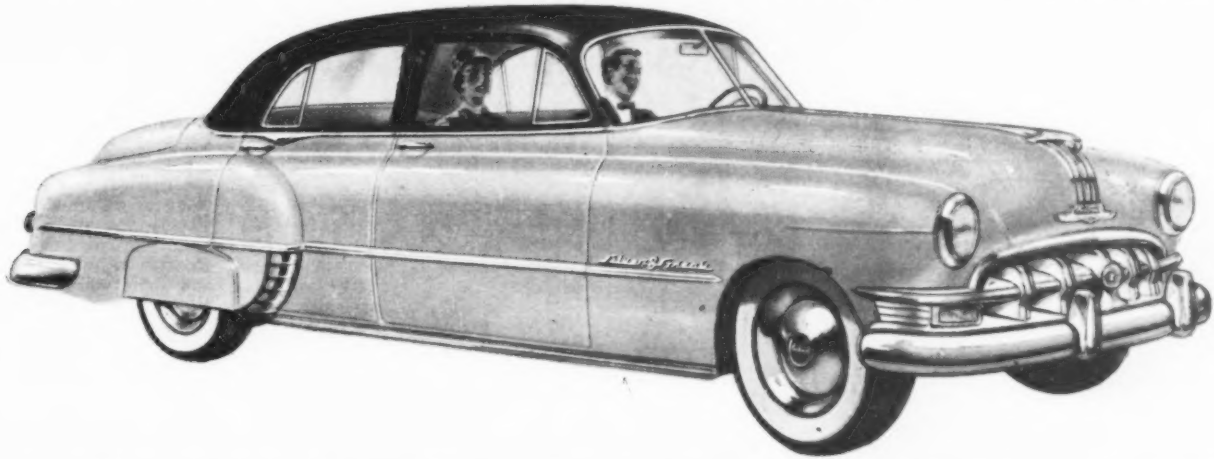
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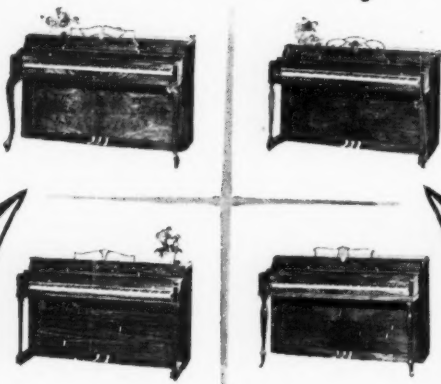
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Frustration Is Good For Kids

Continued from page 22

he insists. Blatz says juvenile delinquents are not caused by broken homes but by wrong discipline. In his book there isn't too much or too little discipline, only rotten and good.

Blatz' idea of discipline, as practiced in his nursery school and taught to university graduates, teachers, nurses, occupational therapists and social workers, is one based on natural consequences. If a child doesn't eat he is given a reasonable time to finish and then his plate is removed and he is sent on to the next activity. If he fights when he is playing with other children then he is removed from the play area. If the baby persists in touching ornaments in the living room, he is removed to the nursery. All of these enforcements of natural consequences take the onus for discipline off the parent. Mother is not the executioner; the child brings the axe down on his neck himself.

This, his theory runs, is incomparable preparation for becoming an adult. Adults can drive 80 miles an hour if they wish, but they're likely to have to pay a fine; adults can steal if they are so inclined, but it's probable they'll go to jail; adults can be quarrelsome, but they won't be popular.

In this sort of discipline there is no place for spankings, or even an irate tongue-lashing. This is the part that has anguished practicing parents. Sometimes, they moan, it seems as if Junior is begging for a whipping—he goes from one piece of mischief to another. Nonsense, says the Blatz system. The naughty child needs his parents more than the behaved child; he's probably been ignored and is trying to get some attention the only way he's found to be successful.

"Spanking will get your job done for you," agrees a loyal Blatz disciple, Dorothy Millichamp, assistant director of the institute, "but do you really want to control your child through fear? You're teaching him to be good not because it will make things more pleasant for himself but to avoid being hurt. Therefore he'll lie and sneak to escape punishment."

Any parent who thinks that a spanking is something no well-ordered home can be without—and please don't all shout at once—should visit the Institute for Child Study. For people who have survived living with two- to five-year-olds, but just barely, it's apt to be a remarkable experience.

The Rule of Consequences

In the high-ceilinged, enormous rooms of the converted houses on St. George Street, where the institute is housed, about 37 small children romp and play from about 9.30 a.m. until around 3 p.m. They climb all over the jungle gym in the back yard, they lie on their small fat tummies on the floor and crayon on pink paper purple horses with long eyelashes, they sit cross-legged in a circle and tap hammers on the floor in rhythm. At lunch time they wash themselves and sit around low tables to eat. After that they file into a sleeping room for their naps. Through it all it's a rare occasion when a voice is raised or a tear is shed. Adults who have witnessed the spectacle have the sensation of watching an entrancing movie with the sound effects turned off.

The institute has divided the young child's life into two sections: 1. Things which must be done whether the child wants to do them or not (routine); 2.

Things which the child can do or not as he chooses (play).

Under routine the institute puts dressing and undressing, washing, toilet, eating and sleeping. Using the rule of consequences—"If you don't wash you can't go into the dining room," "If you don't lie quietly in your bed you'll have to lie on a cot by yourself in the other room"—the routines are accomplished with a low incidence of balking.

Most spirited children try to duck some part of the routine at least once, but at the institute all attempts are met with Blatzian consistency. One youngster who refused to wash his hands after using the toilet was astonished to find this meant he couldn't go back into the playroom. He decided on a temper tantrum and the air was shattered with his shrieks. He was picked up, carried into another room away from the children and set gently down. "There you go," the supervisor said kindly. "You can cry in here and as soon as you're finished, wash your hands and come and finish your painting." He was licked and he knew it.

How to Keep Toys Tidy

The play side of the child's life also is governed by rules. The difference lies in the fact that if the child doesn't care to accept the rules he doesn't have to continue with the game. When cutting out pieces of colored paper to glue together the child must not wave the scissors around carelessly. The supervisor explains that it's dangerous, warns the child. The next time the scissors are removed and without additional reproof the child is given something else.

Similarly, the child is required to put one toy away before progressing to the next activity—"We want to be able to find our things tomorrow"—and is asked to refrain from bopping another child who is occupying a desired swing—"If you're going to be quarrelsome you'll have to play inside by yourself."

There is a scientific reason for the relative absence of sound effects. Out of doors, where they play at the beginning of the nursery-school day, the children are permitted to shout if they wish. The uproar is governed by a rule, however: for safety reasons the children are not permitted to become wildly excited and career around. Therefore the supervisors keep them controlled, and the noise, while gay and childlike, is muted.

Indoors the play periods are arranged so that each successive one is more calming than the last. This is to have the child in a highly relaxed state in time for his dinner and subsequent nap. Activities start off, for example, with play in a doll-sized store where few plastic toys are ever broken and subside by degrees to a singing group softly chanting nursery songs with a lullaby lilt.

The rules which result in this peaceful situation are exactly what distinguish Blatz' nursery school from most others. Many authorities believe that children need to express themselves through free play, need to work out frustrations and inhibitions so in later years they won't develop some nasty trait like booting elderly women. Consequently some nursery schools permit youngsters greater abandon in the play period; there is more noise, more confusion, more toys broken. Blatz thinks this attitude is unrealistic.

Adults are bound by rules in everything they do, maintains Blatz, so should be prepared for maturity by being made accustomed to restrictions. He believes you can't start too young frustrating children; babies shouldn't be fed when they decide they are hungry, but when the feeding time is

suitable and convenient. He's going to have to adjust all his life, says Blatz, so let him learn his first lessons young and then it won't be as difficult.

In another respect the Blatz Institute differs from many nursery schools. The staff does not believe in insisting that children learn to help themselves as soon as possible. "Everyone can tie his shoes and do up buttons by the time he is 16," Miss Millichamp points out reasonably. "so what does it matter whether they learn when they are 3 or 6?"

The institute thinks it's a mistake to let children dawdle over any routine task and attributes this infuriating quality of small children to the need for adult assistance. A preschool child isn't able to keep interested in putting his clothes on long enough to finish the job, they claim. He needs to be helped with the hard things.

Many schools proudly have their three-year-olds zippering themselves into the modern Man from Mars snow-suits, but not the Blatz Institute. "That's too tough," his aides insist. "We make the children watch while we help them do it. When they are ready they'll do it themselves."

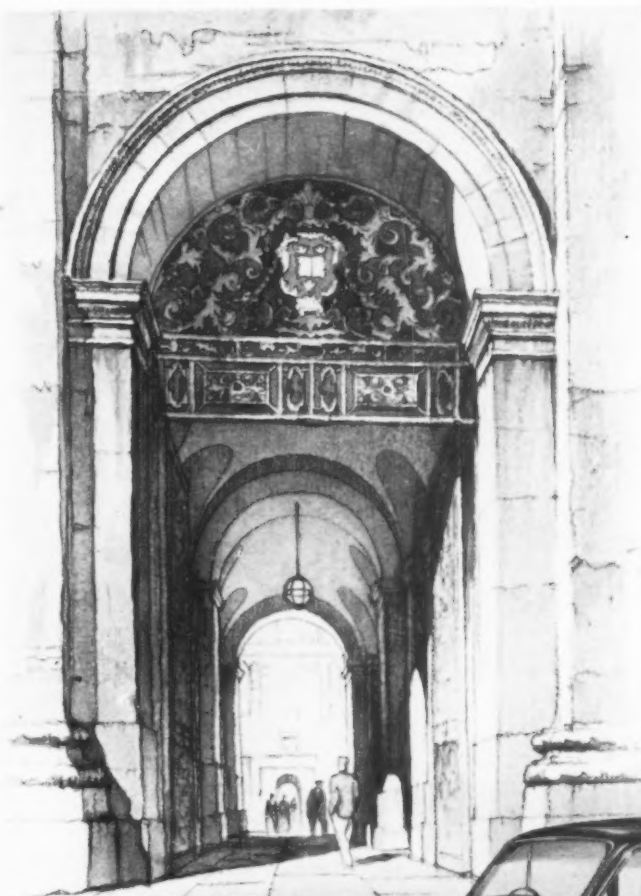
Visitors to the Institute of Child Study rarely are aware that they actually are in a laboratory. The pretty young woman in the blue nylon smock who is reading about Peter Rabbit in the story circle probably has her M.A. degree and a Ph.D. besides. When she's finished the story and the children have gone off in twos for their next activity she sits down at a nursery table and records that at 11.15 John Jones, aged 4, had an emotional episode. During the story-time he persisted in being talkative. Treatment administered: He was asked to leave the circle and look at a book until the story was over. His behavior during the treatment was antagonistic, after the treatment when children progressed to singing period he was co-operative. The treatment lasted four minutes.

"The Best Job in the World"

Records kept of each child are incredibly detailed. An attendant makes a note of whether the child was co-operative or not when the nurse made her regular morning examination, the exact time the child uses the toilet and if his attitude is co-operative, indifferent, playful, antagonistic or talkative during the washroom procedure. If the supervisor has to help the child comb his hair that fact is recorded. During the nap time records are kept of when the child put his thumb in his mouth and how long it was there. If the child has to be urged to eat his dinner a symbol indicating this appears on the record sheet. There are 18 different symbols used to describe the child's attitude during the nap period.

The institute is divided into three sections under Dr. Blatz, the director, and Miss Millichamp and K. S. Bernhardt, assistant directors. One is the research division, which endeavors to establish a pattern of behavior and treatment from the wealth of records kept, another is the nursery school division, under brilliant, greying Margaret Fletcher, who says in a warm, hearty voice, "This is the best job in the world, next to being a parent." The third section is the parent education division and its importance almost overshadows the nursery school.

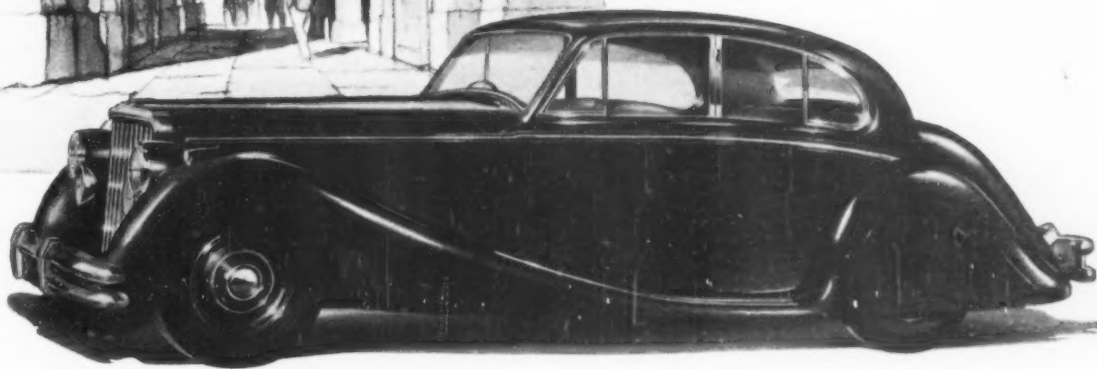
To understand his specimens better Blatz needed to know what they did at home and what sort of discipline their parents used. To get this information he held that parent discussion groups would have to be a necessary part of the institute. The enthusiasm of the parents for this suggestion and the oppor-



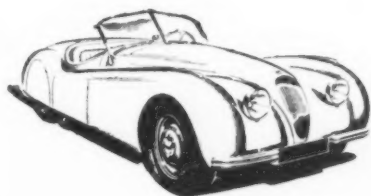
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tunity it gave him for explaining the importance of consistent discipline based on natural consequences established its place at once.

The institute offers a diploma course in child study to university graduates, who are then able to choose whether to specialize in parent education work or actual nursery school supervision. An introductory course in psychology is compulsory for the institute course. Other courses are offered occupational therapists, nursery-school teachers, nurses and medical students, kindergarten and primary teachers, house-

hold economics students, student nurses at Sick Children's Hospital, and staff of children's convalescent hospitals and cerebral palsy clinics.

The institute plans to publish a report on its quarter century of progress next spring and part of this document will deal with the people now grown who have been children in the institute. Although these followup investigations are still not completed the institute says the preliminary results indicate that Blatz' plan of discipline is justified. In relation to their school progress and their adjust-

ment to adult life institute graduates rate high, its officials say.

One girl who was a toddler in one of the early groups was stricken with infantile paralysis when she was 6 and confined to a wheel chair. The institute doesn't claim that her early training is responsible, but it is true that the girl accepted her misfortune with magnificent courage. A boy who lost an eye just when he was beginning to enjoy sports also made a remarkable adjustment to a quieter life.

In adducing evidence that its methods are at least partly responsible

for such achievements the institute points to a long list of victories over balky moppets. A little girl who refused to go to the bathroom without her mother was taken off all toilet routine, was never coaxed or disciplined when she had an accident. In a few weeks she was scampering to the toilet by herself when her turn came. Another two-year-old ate nothing at all away from home. She was given tiny, attractive helpings at dinnertime and, except for missing dessert, nothing happened when she failed to touch her plate. She conquered her shyness, ate three helpings of everything the day she decided to eat.

A little boy who was in terror of singing by himself was put into a singing group where the children were all told to stand. One by one during the singing they were told to stop singing and sit down. The child left at the end, singing with gusto by himself, was the reluctant soprano.

Another boy who wouldn't sing at all, even with a group, came to school one morning full of enthusiasm about a train he had seen. "That's wonderful, Bobby," exclaimed the teacher. "Let's all sing the train song and Bobby will make a noise like the train he saw today." Bobby joined in the chorus himself.

According to the Blatz theory of parent-child relations childhood crises like these are not the mere skirmishes of life; they're the Alameins and Stalingrads, the historic turning points. They mean that a barrier has been crossed, not through force or bribing, but because the child chose to cross it himself.

The institute never orders a child. They say, "Your hands are dirty, Betty," and let Betty figure out what to do about it. They say, "It's time to eat, Peter," but Peter won't be bullied into finishing his spinach.

What! "Guinea Pigs?"

Despite the fact that many people still call its methods "newfangled" the institute is approaching the end of its first quarter century. In 1925, Dr. C. M. Hincks, director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene in Canada, conferred with the bright young men who were distributing \$100 millions under the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Fund. These men observed that all study of the mind had been conducted backward, by putting a maladjusted adult on a couch and probing to learn of his earliest years, his relationship with his parents, his emotional development. Why not, the Rockefeller people reasoned, start at the beginning with small children and keep records of their development until maturity? It seemed logical, but the problem was to gather small children together in numbers sufficient to make the study worth while. There was little precedent. In England institutions cared for small children whose parents were working and Detroit had a study group of little people who were watched while they played.

Dr. Blatz, then in his late 20s, had just completed an impressive thesis for his Ph.D. in psychology at the University of Chicago. He dealt with fear in humans and conducted experiments to support his firm conviction that people are more afraid of the unknown than of the known.

Because of this and his remarkable record at the University of Toronto, where he obtained his master's degree in physiology and his medical degree—the latter a rarity among psychologists—Blatz was hired to start the research. He began with public-school children at Regal Road Public School in To-

Continued on page 38

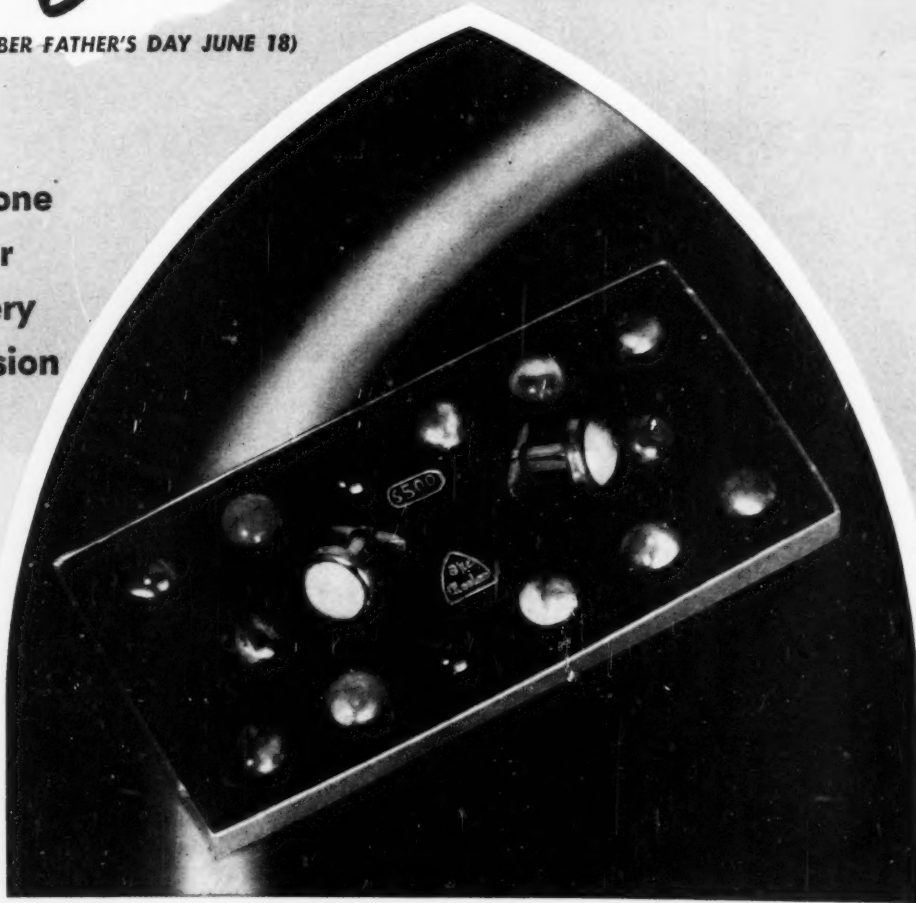
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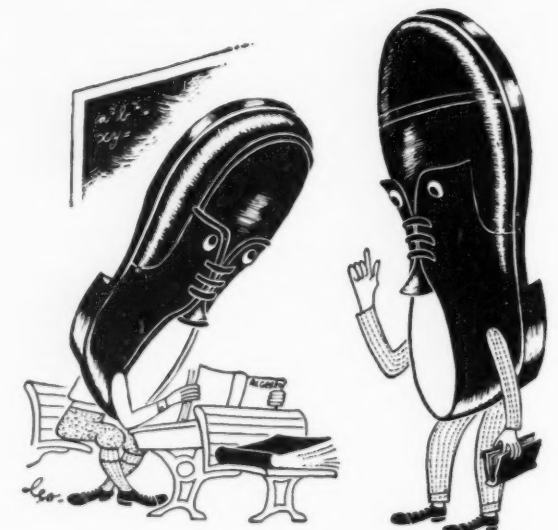
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**DID YOU "NUGGET" YOUR SHOES
THIS MORNING?**

Continued from page 36
ronto but it was obvious immediately that these children were too mature to be of much use to science.

Blatz then advertised in the Toronto papers for children of from two to five years of age to attend a school at 47 St. George Street. Eight pupils responded in spite of the horror that the ads aroused. Women's clubs damned mothers who would be so lazy and cruel as to push babies out of their nests so young and Canon H. J. Cody, later president of the university, was aghast. Was Blatz, he asked, proposing to "experiment with little children the way you do with guinea pigs?"

Children then, as now, were examined by the university's Department of Pediatrics and had to be in normal mental and physical health before they could be admitted. The school was staffed by a dietitian, the principal and two psychology students. The next year some young women from Toronto's crèches came to observe and most of them stayed on. One was the invaluable Margaret Fletcher who has contributed a legacy of cheery little songs for the nursery school and kindergartens of the country.

Today only 37 children can be accommodated at the institute and about 200 are on the waiting list. Parents, mainly doctors, university professors and the well-to-do, must place their children's names on the list at birth to have any hope of success. The fee is \$150 for the 10-month term, which scarcely pays for the food consumed at the noon meal. The original grant ran out five years after it was made, but additional grants from various sources have helped to keep the institute operating. Currently the University of Toronto picks up the annual deficit.

The Unconscious Is Unlikely

Enormous credit is given Blatz for the nursery-school methods he established. During the Second World War Blatz and key members of his staff were flown to England to set up nursery schools and teach Blatz methods. Miss Millichamp, a quiet, soft-voiced woman with enormous charm, was borrowed by the Ontario Government to set up day-care nurseries for children of war-working mothers.

Until 10 years ago Blatz' reports on his findings in the school earned him a spot in his profession among the hierarchy. He was a spectacular bold figure among psychologists, his theories admired, condemned and argued the world over.

Blatz himself, with full knowledge of what he was doing to his reputation, courted scepticism by his insistence that Freud was wrong. Sigmund Freud, the German doctor who pioneered psychiatry, is as revered as a Pasteur. He originated the theory that all mental activity is caused, nothing happens by chance in the mental life any more than in the physical life. To get some sense out of the labyrinth of the mind he postulated an uncon-

scious mind, an area deeper and considerably more murky than the darling of the films, the subconscious mind.

As explained by Blatz, the subconscious is the one into which your best friend's name retreats when you come to introduce him. It's where your mother's phone number is after you drop the nickel. You know you know it, but it's gone for the moment. In Freud's theory, however, the unconscious mind is something of which you're entirely unaware. He says it's there, just as surely as there's a submerged part of an iceberg. Freud claimed that two thirds of human behavior could be traced to this unconscious mind and to compel patients to understand this submerged part of themselves, he invented psychoanalysis.

Blatz merely says that there is no such thing as an unconscious mind, or an ego, or a super ego, or an id. "From my study of children," he reported to an astonished profession, "I can find no trace of proof that there is anything but a conscious mind. Children are not born either loving or hating (as Freud claimed) but develop such things later on, and such development is due entirely to environment."

This is why Blatz and Brock Chisholm, although friendly otherwise, are something less than pally intellectually. Each man thinks the other is more than slightly misguided. "Why not tell a child there is a Santa Claus," said Blatz blandly at the height of the excitement about Chisholm's statement. "Certainly there is a Santa Claus, it's the very spirit of Christmas."

To protests that this involved the moral problem of deliberately misinforming children Blatz replied: "There are proper occasions to tell children the truth. The rest of the time it doesn't matter." In enlarging on this he explained, "For example when a young child questions us about sex behavior we don't tell him that children are born in blueberry bushes, but neither do we go into a long involved explanation of the facts. The child is too young for the truth."

Children are more resilient than most authorities are aware, he claims. "They can take practically anything and it won't matter in the long run. It's the one hopeful thing I've discovered."

Some of Blatz' co-workers suspect that Blatz makes many of his electrifying statements to stir up a reaction, much the same as the naughty child. "Maybe he needs to be psychoanalyzed," one of them suggested thoughtfully on an occasion when the Blatzian neck was out even further than usual.

In any case Blatz' reaction is mostly one of quiet amusement. He's off to address an important gathering of psychiatrists this summer in Europe. He plans to tell them that the conscious mind is more important than the unconscious—if there is an unconscious. The Freudians will raise their eyebrows again. But Bill Blatz has been raising eyebrows—his own and other people's—all his life. ★

NEXT ISSUE

Was Wolfe Just Lucky?

General James Wolfe is hailed in schoolbooks as the military genius who captured Quebec. Yet some historians call him a blunderer who won Canada by sheer luck. Paul Gardner tells the story of this moody ill-fated man in a Maclean's Flashback.

IN MACLEAN'S JULY 1

ON SALE JUNE 28

But I Like to Fight With My Wife

Continued from page 15

feel a fine healthy glow and be ready for a cold shower and a rubdown. One of our kids would come in hollering that someone had hit her over the head with a wind-up toy or we'd suddenly remember that we had company coming. We'd pick up our marriage where we'd left off as if nothing had happened. In fact, we'd have a lot of fun reminding one another of the things we'd said. "Well," my wife would say as she began to make the beds, "I never realized that you'd given up a burning ambition to be the world's greatest mountain climber just for me." Or I'd call above the sound of my electric razor, "So I've got big feet, have I?"

There's no reason why we couldn't have gone on this way until we had to be propped up in our wheel chairs while we slugged one another with our shawls if the experts hadn't started telling my wife how to bring harmony into the house.

For the past six months I've done everything but sneak up and cut the ends off my wife's permanent and yell "My old man can lick your old man" to get her to fight, and all she does is smile patiently, look like Mrs. Miniver, and say: "Don't you think, dear, we could talk it over more sensibly in the morning?"

I don't want to talk it over in the morning. I want to kick her around tonight; to be left dangling alone on the end of a bad mood leaves me feeling like an overtrained zombie.

No man can stand great stifling gobs of harmony. Domesticity is not a natural condition for a normal male; he was trapped into it about 10,000 years ago by the girls sprinkling seed around and ever since he has repressed an urge to wander off over the hills. The best he can do now is to thump around the house in his pyjama tops and a foul mood swatting kids and yelling: "Who's been using my razor blades?" Take that away from him and what has he got?

Even if it were desirable, complete harmony, coming suddenly, is liable to strain a few tendons. Having someone in the family stop fighting without any warning is like expecting another step at the top of a dark staircase.

Marriage Is a Used Car

Some of the best fights my wife and I used to have were during motor trips. At one point of the trip we'd get out our route maps. I'd say, "We should take No. 6." My wife would say, "We should take No. 33a." I'd say, "I think you're confusing No. 33a with that two-lane highway through Lettuceville, dear." My wife would say, "I don't think so, dear. The route through Lettuceville is No. 18." Then I'd say: "All right! ALL RIGHT! We'll take 33a. We'll take a balloon! We'll take a submarine."

I'd pound the steering wheel, usually making the horn stick, and let out a bellow that would make the kids drop their dolls in the back seat. "Okay! OKAY! We'll do it your way and if we end up in a swamp you can figure out how to get out of it."

We never ended up in a swamp. We would cut off five miles and strike a good motor court with a dining room where they served hot toddies. I'd feel a bit hungry after so much noise and my wife would feel so good about being right that she wouldn't bring up my behavior until Christmas Eve.

But lately, just as I'm getting ready to swat the steering wheel and turn

where my wife tells me to, she gets that Is-he-overworked-am-I-showing-him-enough-affection look and says, "Of course, dear, you are probably right. Let's try it your way."

We always end up in a swamp and I have to turn around and back-track to No. 33a while my wife helps Her Husband Save Face and the kids say: "Why don't you ever turn where Mummy tells you to, Daddy?"

Most marriages are something like used cars—leave them alone and they will perk along fine in spite of loose rings, noisy tappets, miscellaneous knocks and a lot of other reasons why they shouldn't. But the minute you start fixing one thing everything else is thrown out of alignment.

My wife has always regarded a car as a shopping basket with a clutch. Mileages are measured by the distance between supermarkets and places where they sell seam binding. It's caused some of our liveliest brawls.

Every year on the way to the cottage, we pass a certain little farmer's stand on the left-hand side of the highway and my wife wants to stop for some celery hearts. It is the most unlikely looking place on the highway to make a left-hand turn. Thousands of other wives have talked their husbands into stopping there and the place looks as if someone has set up a carnival in the middle of the Indianapolis speedway.

Just as I'm considering turning my lights on to see through the dust my wife says, "Oh, there's that little stand. Let's get some celery hearts."

If it were for a T-bone steak, a cold beer or a slice of cherry pie I could understand it, but to head into that melee for celery hearts seems like getting our sense of values mixed up.

I bare my two front teeth in an odd expression, look into space appealingly and whisper, "Why?"

My wife says, "Now, for heaven's sake, don't start that! How am I going to make supper if you don't stop to let me buy some food?"

"I'll go without celery hearts," I say. "You are not the only one in the family," my wife says.

For 15 years I've tried to get past this stand. I've never made it. This year when we came to it I simply gripped the steering wheel and yelled, "Well, hold your hats. Here we go for those II*&?! celery hearts."

But my wife had been thinking: "Do I really want celery hearts or is it just an aggressive trait to conceal the fact that my father wanted me to be a boy?"

She said, "It's really up to you, dear. Keep right on going if you think it best."

It turned out even worse than the other years. I'd already started my turn and now I tried to change my mind. The scene was the same, except now I was backing through it. Transports, motorcycle cops and farmers' trucks were roaring at me from every angle. The kids started to fight in the back seat. The air was full of dirt. Someone with a chrome rad with the personality of a praying mantis had been nuzzling me for the past five miles trying to get past. He honked. I rolled down the window and told him to drop dead. My wife thought I meant her and said, "Don't you think, dear, we could talk it over more sensibly in the morning," and Mary screamed, "Jane bit me!"

If I hear one love psychologist crack that this is the sort of thing that can be overcome by patience and mutual understanding I'll part his hair with his stethoscope. It can be overcome only by getting to the cottage, finding a little cove down by the lake and doing

Continued on page 41



Rosy Rapture

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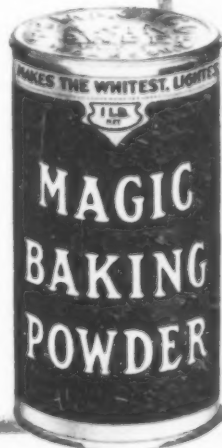
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MAGIC STRAWBERRY CAKE

1 $\frac{2}{3}$ cups sifted pastry flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
or 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted hard-wheat flour	4 eggs, separated
2 tps. Magic Baking Powder	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
	1 cup fine granulated sugar
	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tps. vanilla

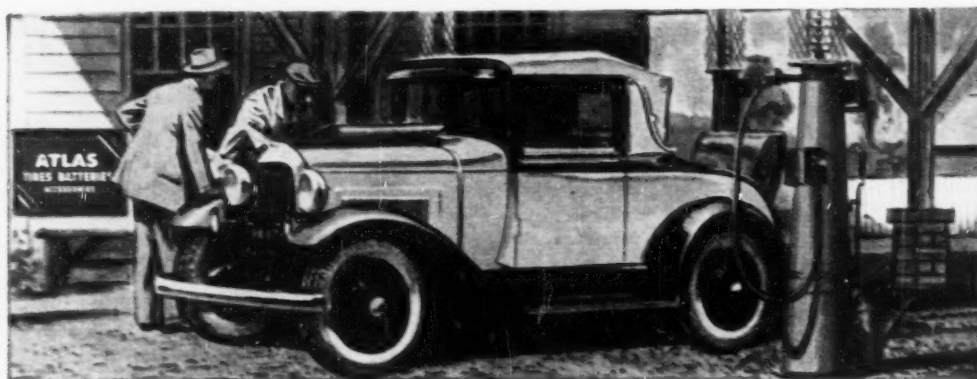
Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together 3 times. Beat egg yolks thick and light; gradually beat in the cold water and $\frac{2}{3}$ cup of the sugar; beat constantly for 4 minutes. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; gradually beat in remaining $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar, beating after each addition until mixture stands in peaks. Add flour mixture to yolk mixture about a quarter at a time, folding lightly after each addition just until flour is incorporated; fold in vanilla. Add meringue to yolk mixture and fold gently until combined. Turn into two ungreased 8" round cake pans. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 25 to 30 minutes. Immediately cakes are baked, invert pans and allow cakes to hang, suspended, until cold (to "hang" cakes, rest rim of inverted pan on 3 inverted egg cups or coffee cups). Put cold cakes together with sweetened crushed strawberries; top with lightly-sweetened and flavored whipped cream and garnish with whole strawberries.



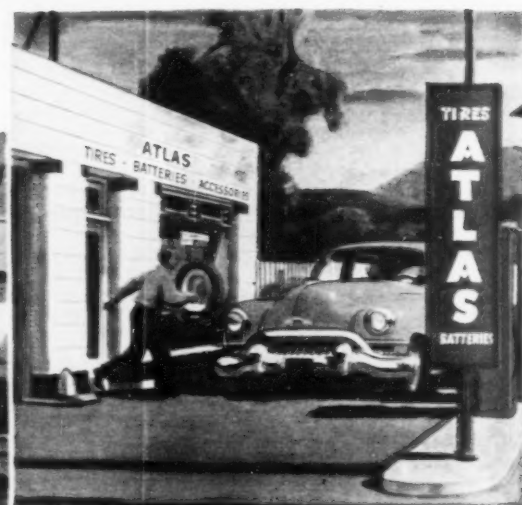
How Atlas' 20th Birthday can mean extra value for you



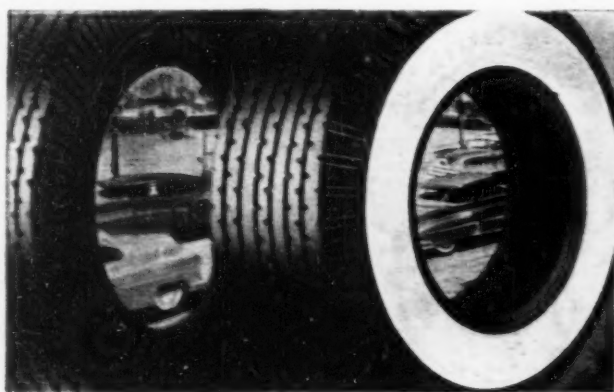
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Continued from page 39

setting-up exercises with a bottle opener.

Being patient might be a good thing theoretically but in practice it often works out like one holdup man deciding to reform just as the other is scooping out the till. My wife and I used to occasionally entertain our friends by getting into fights while they sat around peering happily at their sandwiches. They'd think: "Well, we might have our troubles, but I guess we get along pretty good compared to some people." It made us rather popular hosts. When they left, they'd say something like, "Well, Bob certainly had no reason to get so sore, but on the other hand she's got a temper, that one! I think it's six of one and half a dozen of the other."

Now it's just six of one. We get whipping up a good scene when all of a sudden my wife begins to think: "Is he overly tired? Is he worried about finance? Am I really being an understanding wife?" She suddenly leaves me talking in a voice three octaves higher than normal and looking as if I'd spent too long in a hot bath while she smiles meekly, turns to one of our guests, and says: "Now, let's hear about your trip to Bermuda."

It's getting me a bad reputation. When my friends go home they say, "I know what I'd do with him. That poor woman, how she puts up with him." I am known among my intimate friends as *that beast*.

Another thing, I used to have a certain amount of fun at cocktail parties finding a corner and exchanging swizzle sticks with some little blonde in blue glasses. My wife would think, "That bum is up to something and I'll find what it is if I have to pour molasses in his electric razor." It used to make me feel a bit of a dog.

Now she asks herself: "But have I any right to interfere. Am I being possessive?" She walks off like a true Woman of Today and finds some guy who looks like a foreign diplomat and who tells her that she is the type of girl he has been looking for and I am stuck with the blonde, whose idea of art, it turns out, is Margaret O'Brien in Technicolor and whose idea of conversation goes: "So I came out with a spare in the third frame, then I got a strike in the fourth, then my boy friend got two strikes and I blew in the fifth."

I realize suddenly that my love for my wife has not died, but I can't find her.

Since science turned its restless microscopes and inexhaustible vocabulary on marriage it has been coming out with a lot of right answers to the wrong problem. It's all very well to invent a couple of names and set up an imaginary problem about some guy named Peter and his wife Joan who keeps screaming with rage. It's different when we're dealing with real people. The wrong advice can be downright dangerous.

True Bliss Is for the Movies

One recent article suggested that a woman should show her husband that she is interested in his problems by pitching in and helping him whenever she can. "For instance," it said, "if your husband has to change a tire you could make yourself useful by handing him tools."

One of my wife's girl friends tried this the other day when her husband got out to change a tire. Instead of staying in the back seat holding her hands over the kids' ears she got out and handed him a valve lifter. She almost got decapitated by a tire iron. Her husband checked his swing just in time. He told her, "No, I don't need

a *\$\$\$!?! valve lifter. I need a *\$&?" rim wrench and I WISH YOU'D GET BACK IN THE *&?!xZ CAR WHILE I CHANGE THIS %\$?%? TIRE!"

All in all it looks as if science is going to do the same job with marriage as it did when it took over raising children, and if you ask me it would do better to keep on making things out of plastic and leave well enough alone.

Most people after 15 years of marriage can't disentangle love from a mutual desire to pay the gas bill. They love one another during sad scenes in

movies and when their little girl gets her first part in a play. In between they are too busy putting up storm windows to give it much thought.

Maybe it's true that, during the first year of their marriage, Peter, who always wants his own way because of a secret resentment at not having been chosen leader of his wolf pack, and Joan, who wants her own way because of a passion for being tidy, will have a lot of fights and Joan will end up screaming with rage. But when they've had a couple of kids there'll be so much else going on that a scream here or

there won't be noticed. In the meantime, whenever Joan starts screaming, Peter, if he's half a man, can wrap her up in a wet sheet and threaten to call the dogcatchers.

All over the continent men and women are throwing ash trays at one another, referring in scathing terms to each other's lineage, sitting in frigid, harrowing silence broken only by the tick of a clock or the snick of knitting needles. It's an old marriage custom. They'll make out all right as long as they don't start viewing marriage as another PROBLEM OF TODAY. ★


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**Caddy, King of the Coast**

Continued from page 24

"He had whiskers under his jaw and a kind of mane from his forehead to the back of his head, looking like the teeth of a dragsaw. A fin on his back was raised to about three feet. From the water to the top of his head would be about seven feet. He was an ugly thing to see."

Descriptions of Caddy vary considerably but most everyone agrees he's built like a gigantic snake and that he undulates when he swims. Edward Heppell, a Victorian who has seen him, says his body is as thick as a telephone pole. That tallies with most descriptions.

Dark brown or dark green is his usual color but one man, L. Tillapaugh, said he was bright orange. But then he saw Caddy during a long week end.

Nearly all observers grant him at least one gigantic fin and a monstrous tail with which he thrashes the water. Now and then he seems to have a long mane. Captain George Sagers, a Vancouver Island fisherman, reported the monster had a mane and pitch-black eyes about three inches in diameter.

This sea serpent is almost supersonic. F. W. Kemp, one of the first two men to report seeing him, told me, "I wouldn't like to say how fast he travels, people might laugh." But he added under persuasion, "Only a bullet would travel anywhere near as fast!"

Cyril B. Andrews described Caddy as having no ears or nostrils. His tongue, said Andrews, came to a sharp point and he had fishlike teeth. Andrews, incidentally, had the presence of mind to rush ashore and fetch a justice of the peace to the water front to corroborate his story. Then he swore out an affidavit describing his experience. It told how Caddy had swallowed in one gulp a duck he (Andrews) had shot. Other hunters have reported similar poaching.

"Gives You a Queer Feeling"

Yet another report suggests Caddy may be asthmatic. J. F. Murray said he could hear the monster breathing at a distance of 25 yards. A more explicit observer heard "a very loud and remarkable noise, something between a grunt and a snort, accompanied by a huge hiss."

All of Caddy's friends agree on at least one point: his head is shaped much like a camel's. But whereas most camels simply sneer superciliously, Caddy frowns frighteningly.

But, really Caddy is good-natured and quite harmless, a Milquetoast monster in fact. About all he ever does is stretch his long neck out of the water and stare at anybody who happens to be staring at him. Then he beetles off at high speed or else dives, always "without a ripple."

Those who behold Caddy are transfixed. "Gives you a queer feeling, he does," says Fred Maycock, who sighted him recently when with Ed Heppell. "Ed gave me a nudge and said, 'Look!'" Maycock recalls, "and from then until Caddy submerged and disappeared neither of us spoke a word. You can't speak when you see him!"

The world's most hopeless task undoubtedly is trying to convince those who claim to have seen Caddy that what they saw wasn't a sea serpent at all but, at best, only three or four sea lions playing follow-the-leader.

I talked to a dozen people who claim to have seen Caddy. I've had letters from several others and I've read the statements of at least 30 more in the newspapers.

All of them stated without a shred of qualification that what they saw could not possibly have been anything else but a sea serpent.

Fred Maycock, the first man I spoke to who claimed to have seen Caddy, told me, in a voice bristling with contempt for the sceptics, "Whenever I read about people seeing Caddy I used to say 'What've they been drinking?' But I won't any more. I will always believe them now. I've seen Caddy with my own eyes. I know he exists. And he is not a bunch of sea lions or porpoises or a bumpy log. He's a sea serpent."

I shall let Maycock remain as the spokesman for the whole group of Caddy observers for the others I interviewed said what he said, using almost exactly the same words and with the same positive conviction.

Like a Monstrous Snake

Caddy lovers, and particularly those who had seen him in the flesh, were in a mood bordering on sheer ecstasy at the time of my visit to Victoria last March. For, just a month previously, Caddy had been seen by the Chief Justice of Saskatchewan's King's Bench, James T. Brown.

Sunday, February 5, 1950, the day of Caddy's appearance before His Lordship, will forever remain a red-letter day in the life and times of the beloved sea serpent.

Chief Justice Brown's description of Caddy and the circumstances surrounding his appearance follow precisely the pattern of almost every other account. "There was no question about the serpent—it was quite a sight," Brown told newspapermen. "I'd think the creature was 35 to 40 feet long. It was like a monstrous snake. It certainly wasn't any of those sea animals we know, like a porpoise, sea lion and so on. I've seen them and know what they look like."

"Along about 3 p.m. Sunday, a clear sunny afternoon," he continued, "we (his wife and daughter were with him) were walking along by a Victoria beach. Mrs. Brown saw the monster first. By the time my daughter and I got our eyes sighted on the spot he had disappeared, but then he came up again about 150 yards from shore."

"His head, like a snake's, came out of the water four or five feet and straight up. Six or seven feet from the head one of his big coils showed clearly. The coil itself was six or seven feet long, fully a foot thick, perfectly round and dark in color. There must have been a great length of him under the water."

"He was swimming very fast for he came up 200 to 300 yards away from the spot where he went under each time. You couldn't follow his trail. We watched when he went under but couldn't spot any ripples."

"I got three good looks at him. On one occasion he came up almost right in front of us."

Back home in Regina, Brown was ribbed mercilessly, but like everyone else who has seen Caddy he refused to be shaken in his story. In fact he made a sketch of Caddy and sent it to a Vancouver reporter "as further confirmation" of his story. Under the sketch he wrote, "This is no lie."

This was the moment of supreme triumph for Caddy and it was fitting that a jurist should be responsible for it. For the *Cadborosaurus* legend owes its origin mainly to Major W. H. Langley, a Victoria barrister and, at the time he saw Caddy, clerk of the B. C. Legislature.

One Sunday in October 1933 Langley and his wife returned in the Victoria Yacht Club from a sail in the

Dorothy off the southern tip of Vancouver Island to report they had seen a strange monster in the sea.

Someone tipped off Archie Wills, then news editor and now managing editor of the Victoria Times, and he dispatched a reporter, Ted Fox, to get Langley's story.

"I found out," Fox recalls, "that another man, F. W. Kemp, who worked in the provincial archives, had seen a similar beast about a year previously. I interviewed both Kemp and Langley. I had a heck of a time persuading them to let me use their names in the paper. They were sure they would be ridiculed."

Next day the Times splashed the sea-serpent story across the front page and Caddy was born, though he had yet to be named.

Then came a deluge of reports from people who claimed to have seen Caddy before either Kemp or Langley. Fox investigated almost all of these and found that the people were invariably sincere. They had kept silent out of fear of ridicule.

Fox and Wills kept the story hot and were bombarded by queries from newspapers all over the world. Their unnamed monster was becoming famous.

A Circus Was Interested

They were consequently delighted a few days later when the Grace liner Santa Lucia, out of New York, docked in Victoria and her master, Captain Walter N. Prengel, and his first officer, A. E. Richards, reported they had seen a sea serpent off Vancouver Island. "The creature's head was as large as my cabin," the captain said.

It occurred to Wills then that if the sea serpent were to be kept alive he would most certainly need a name. He asked his readers for suggestions. From hundreds Wills selected *Cadborosaurus*. "Sounded so imposing, so prehistoric," he says, "and, best of all, it could be shortened to Caddy."

What's it stand for? The first part, *Cadboro*, is after Cadboro Bay where the creature was so often reported seen. The *saurus* is just a bit of pseudo-scientific flimflam.

Wills won't say who actually suggested *Cadborosaurus* but Fox and other Victoria newspapermen claim the name was coined and submitted to the Times by the late Richard L. Pocock, then telegraph editor of the rival paper, the Daily Colonist. The Colonist, incidentally, tried to popularize the name Amy but couldn't make it stick.

Caddy owes much to Wills who laid down a rule for his reporters that no reports of a Caddy appearance would be printed unless the person who claimed to have seen him would allow his name to be used. This helped greatly to bolster Caddy's chances of final acceptance as an authentic sea serpent.

And, generally speaking, Victoria willingly accepts him as authentic.

The spoil-sport scientists are exceptions. A Caddy debunker on the grand scale is Dr. Ian McTaggart Cowan, professor of zoology at University of British Columbia.

"On two occasions I saw what was

reported to be Caddy," says Cowan. "In each case Caddy consisted of a bull sea lion with two others following it. I must admit they looked convincingly like a sea serpent and you could hardly blame an untrained person for not recognizing them as sea lions. Each time the papers came out next day with reports that Caddy had been seen."

At other times, Cowan believes, elephant seals have been mistaken for Caddy. "It's strange that Caddy has been seen by so many people, from judges to captains," he remarks, with a wry smile, "but never by a biologist."

Even the friendly Dr. Clifford Carl can't quite swallow Caddy. "As a scientist," he says, "I have to maintain an open mind, but I can't believe in him until I've seen him. Nothing would please me more than to see him."

No real attempt has ever been made to capture Caddy, though in 1946 a syndicate was formed for that express purpose by A. K. McMartin, of Vancouver. At the time Vancouver was preparing for the celebration of its diamond anniversary and McMartin hoped to make Caddy the star attraction.

He proposed to the Parks Board that it enter into a profit-sharing scheme with the syndicate to exhibit Caddy, if caught alive, in one of the city's outdoor swimming pools. The board ignored the proposition.

McMartin insists he was in earnest and that he hasn't given up hope of capturing the monster. His plan was, and still is, to offer fishermen on the B. C. coast rewards for radioing him the moment they sight Caddy. McMartin would then fly to the spot, nab the beast in a huge net and have him towed ashore.

"We'd have done it in 1946, but the fishermen went out on strike," he says. "We'll capture him yet. And when we do he'll travel with Ringling Brothers' Circus. Waldo Y. Tupper, the circus' general agent, who is a friend of mine, is all for taking Caddy."

But Caddy in a circus! Victorians wouldn't stand for it. To understand how deep is the city's affection for the beast you've only got to recall the time he was reported slain.

One spring day in 1943 the Victoria newspapers shrieked, "Caddy is dead!" Two sport fishermen boasted of having killed him with a power launch until he sank.

A Medal From Hermann?

Exactly two weeks after his reported demise the monster was sighted once again in his old haunts, alive and kicking. In the years since then he has been seen umpteen times.

But during the two sad weeks that Caddy was believed to be dead both the Times and the Colonist received many letters of outraged protest. Victoria was shocked ("Up in arms," shrilled the Times). The correspondents denounced the slayers' cruelty and wrote reverently of the beast's good nature. One writer went so far as to describe Caddy as beautiful.

Another suggested that Hermann Goering, a much decorated and particularly vile villain of the time, might be persuaded to part with a couple of his medals to honor the serpent's killers. "Needless destruction of harmless life may be the thing in Germany but it certainly will not receive much recommendation here," snorted this writer, E. W. Abrahams.

Not one of the letters raised the slightest question about Caddy's authenticity; not one of the writers mentioned ever having seen the beast.

Fact is, Caddy doesn't have to be seen to be believed. ★

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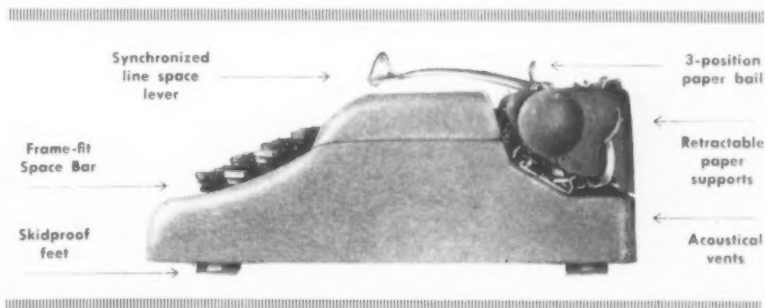
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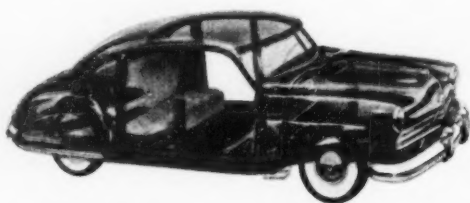
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The Tragedy of the Bluenose

Continued from page 20

on the lobby floor of Halifax' new post office. She sails, blowzy and fat, across 10,000 hooked rugs and almost as many pillow cushions. There are models of her gathering dust from Cape Breton to Vancouver.

During her 25 years she lived as an adored summation of Canadian virility and ability. She came to her end after only a short time of unhappiness which for a champion like her was to have the racing ended and to be too old and logged to be magnificent any more. She broke her back on a clean coral reef on the southwest corner of Haiti and slid her soft old spruce bones down into the blue tropical water where fish as bright as pieces of rainbow fan long lacy tails. What tragedy was there about any part of her?

But we found it in Lunenburg; a deep and moving and somewhat bewildered grief. Lunenburg, that rich, solid, German-ancestored county in Nova Scotia, Bluenose's home port, is still mourning for her with a stark, tragic sense of loss that time does not seem to dull. Lunenburg is Canada's eastern fishing capital, home of men who make a living from the sea. It has seen 20 generations of vessels launched, sail out their life and vanish in wreck or floundering or the dry rot of years. Vessels to Lunenburg are the commonplace machines of the fish-killing trade. They come and go. But Bluenose! She was lost in 1946. It might have been yesterday.

"Ah, don't mention her," Lunenburg says in the soft tongue which is no longer German but something as pleasant as a warm breeze off spruce woods. "Why, why did we ever let her get away to be wrecked, stranded, sunk down there? Bluenose! Mister she should be wit'. No matter what else we lost, Bluenose she should be . . . wit'."

The feeling is strong, a group lamentation strangely moving in an outwardly unemotional people. It glowers just beneath the surface. One has only to mention her, and it wells up. It comes out in various forms trying to express itself. How the tourists will miss her, for instance.

"Bluenose! Take for example tourists. Who cares about Loon'burg? 'Where is Bluenose?' the tourists say, 'Let me see that vessel.' Now it is too late. But if we still had her, we'd dig a basin in the Point over there. Float her in and let her sleep in concrete. Then she would be wit' forever. We could see her when we looked out and—tourists 25c. In up a stern gangway, out over the bow all day long, like ants. Think of dat, eh. Thrown away! Sunk down dere. Gone!"

The End of a Thoroughbred

There is remorse.

"Bluenose! You know how Loon'burg feels? Like somebody just buried their mother. Home now after the funeral, they sit in the kitchen and remember they didn't treat her very good when she was alive."

And much recrimination.

"Bluenose! The Government should have saved her. Blockhouses! Archives! They save things like that, but not Bluenose. The greatest topmast schooner the world ever knew. Perfection! A beautiful model of the past. She should have been saved for history. Good God, the harbor is empty without her. The rich men of Lunenburg wouldn't give of their fortune when it would have done some

good. They are sorry now that she is lost down dere."

It took some searching to find just where "down dere" is. Lunenburg feels so badly it does not like to think of that soft night in the tropics when she died. No one could remember the romantic name of the place where her bones are. Buried in the files of the Progressive, the town's weekly newspaper, we found it. Wilson Berringer, a former Lunenburg who commanded her on her last voyage, wrote home about it. With Bluenose and his four-man crew, probably natives, he was waiting for orders in Jacmel Bay, Haiti. Bluenose was flying the house flag of her last owners, the West Indies Trading Company with head offices in Tampa and Havana. The trading company had purchased her in 1942.

That sale, now so bitter a transaction in Lunenburg, was not without its mitigating circumstances when it was made. The submarine war was at its worst. Prospects of trade and fishing in the North Atlantic were dark. Bluenose, a money-maker as long as her master, Angus Walters, was on her deck, did not prosper under substitute command. She had not earned enough to pay her way and square up for a pair of \$7,000 diesels bedded in 1936. The West Indies needed her. The tramp ship traffic normally supplying the Caribbean had been driven to cover by the undersea war. The islands were hungry. Sailing hulls, too insignificant and scattered to warrant a German attack, were in desperate demand. Bluenose, a fine carrier with her big hull (112 feet long at waterline, 27-foot beam) worked nobly from 1942 to war's end.

But now the war was over and it was January, 1946, in Jacmel Bay. Get under way at once, Berringer's orders came, and make a run in ballast to Aux Cayes, 68 miles due west along the coast. Getting under way at once meant that the last of the voyage would be made in darkness, a tricky business. There is a one-and-a-half mile passage between the reefs into Aux Cayes. On Isle Vache, five miles south of the channel, there is a flashing light but nothing else; no buoys or ranges. The currents, changing with wind and tide, are treacherous. The soundings, dating back to 1830, are unreliable.

Berringer, fearful of the reef and the unknowns, set a course a half-point more northerly than usual but in spite of it Bluenose made too much southing. At 7.20 p.m. a squall broke on her. At 7.40 the bow lookout screamed breakers and in an instant she was on the reef. Berringer reversed her engines and put the wheel hard astarboard and she came off a quarter length. Then a heavy swell struck her and laid her on her port beam and slid her back up the wicked coral. With every slow, powerful sea breaking over her now, Berringer and his crew crawled forward and got their lone dory launched without swamping and made the nearest island behind the reef. It was unoccupied.

Berringer came back alone in the moonlight. With her spars a-cant and her port rail under water she was dark and lonely on the moonlit reef. The big tradewind swell, slow, relentless, beautiful, was bursting silver as it hammered her. He watched his chance and managed to get a few things (he did not say what they were). Getting away a sea caught him and injured a leg and broke a small bone in one of his hands but he rejoined his men and they waited for dawn. He took three of them and went back.

In daylight she was, to quote him, "a hard-looking case." Her back was broken and the break extended up to

the deck where she had opened thwart-ship all across her break beam (the transverse beam where the quarter-deck lifts a step up from the midship). Below she was half full of water churning so violently that none of her people could reach their clothes. Later with the sea down and help from Aux Cayes, those expensive, tragic engines were salvaged. She sleeps better without them.

A Sprite at Her Bow

Of her, save for Wallace MacAskill's excellent photographs and a few trinkets taken out before she left the Maritimes—a bell that has lately become noisy for one—nothing intrinsic remains. There is only the mingled rage and sorrow of her loss and her saga. It is a live and growing saga. Like all great creatures she was touched with mystery.

She had a magic bow.

It came about this way.

In 1920, W. H. Dennis, proprietor of the Halifax Herald, announced the International Fishermen's Trophy for working ships. According to the rules, contenders had to be rugged enough for the salt-fish trade and to have spent a season on the Banks. The course was to be about 40 miles; the prize, \$4,000 for the winner, \$1,000 for the loser.

That year, off Halifax, Gloucester's smart little schooner Esperanto soundly trounced the pick of the Lunenburg fleet, a good heavy workhorse named Delawanna. This would never do. Bluenose was conceived and built at once to retrieve the lost honor.

Her design was entrusted to W. J. Roue of Halifax, who was just emerging from the amateur phase of a career that has gone on until he must be listed next to Donald MacKay as the greatest marine designing genius Canada has ever produced. He gave her a sheer that left low head room in the forward end of her forecastle.

The building yard of Smith and Rhuland at Lunenburg, where she was hull No. 200 and something, had built from whittled-out models—a rule-of-thumb yard—for a quarter century. Bluenose's blueprints grew dog-eared as they were studied and followed step by step.

The low-ceilinged forecastle revealed itself when she was in full frame and the deck stringers were going into her. It would never do. A man could hit his noggin in that low place jumping out of bunk in a hurry. Who ever heard of a forecastle that did not have plenty of room to jig in? Starting from just aft the forecastle hatchway, the deck was given a new sheer that measured a full foot increase at the stemhead.

What a nose that gave Old Storm-along! With her big bowsprit jutting out of it she seemed to glower like an angry she-elephant, trunk extended, ready to charge. Roue had given her great power forward, a virtue the change in sheer should not have affected one way or the other, but when she demonstrated she could sail dry decked and easily triumphant up a wind and sea that drowned her rivals, men looked at each other in wonder. It must be her bow! That adzman's rule-of-thumb change in her had been guided by miraculous luck. Not science and human genius had made her great, but a last-minute happenstance.

There was her wraithlike bow wave to further the superstition. It was no ordinary boil of spume hurtling off a rushing cutwater. It was light and airy. Sometimes if a man stared into it long enough it showed him a hollow within; a beautiful watery crypt shot with rainbow. If the rum had not been too long, all . . . "Look! See dere! A

Continued on page 48

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Continued from page 45
fairy; gold hair, fish's tail and all, ridin' wit'."

Roue smiled and let the pretty fancy live on. There was in truth a hollow inside her wave. He had called for her planking to be rabbeted into the sides of her stem, yacht fashion. Traditional fisherman construction insisted that it be rabbeted into the back of it. Into the back of her big oak stem it went. The planking instead of fairing smooth was drawn in to make a slight ridge in her at the exact place where she turned her wave and her quick water was spinning as it fell away.

There were several attempts to copy her. None of them was any good. Man, her myth insists, could not copy as spooky a ship as she. Angus Walters chuckled when we asked him about it.

"That spook is upstairs in one of my trunks: her plans," he said. "They went in the day she was launched in 1921 and have never come out for anybody. Those fellas who tried to copy her squinted and whittled models. At night, when she was on the ways, they tried to measure her lines with calipers of long sticks. How could they copy Bluenose that way? I probably couldn't build her new, plans and all, and have something exactly the same. She would be a hard vessel to copy."

The Magic of Long Albert

Her true mystery is there; the mystery of all ships. They have, each one an individual being, a soul if you are a sailor and a realist. No two ship personalities are ever exactly alike. Even one-design dinghies fashioned of mahogany cut off the same log, with fastenings identical to the ounce, can be as unlike as littermate puppies or your own children. Bluenose was given the gift of greatness; great luck and great personality as well as great speed and power. There will never be her like again.

Because ships are that way seafarers insist there is a Fiddler's Green, the hereafter of the lost good ones. If there is such a watery annex to Paradise, the International Cup could enjoy a ghostly revival there. The whole fleet can muster now. The Ford broke up on the Newfoundland coast. The Elsie was lost off St. Pierre. Columbia floundered off Sable Island in the hurricane of August, 1927. Thebaud was rammed and lost in the harbor of LaGuaira, Venezuela, in a February, 1948, gale.

The yarns about the racing are distilling down now with the years, shedding the dull figures and dates and leaving those facets of the saga that are going on into folklore. The gargantuan arguments are now shorn of all bitterness. The colossal rum-drinking no longer has a headache. Even that Fairway Buoy in Halifax Harbor that Bluenose, racing Columbia, passed on the wrong side to her undoing during the 1923 race bobs happily, shed of all rancor, in the happy stream of reminiscence.

For our money Long Albert Himmelman emerges as her never-to-be forgotten character. He was a captain in his own vessel but Bluenose's sheet trimmer in the racing. He was a very tall, thin powerful Lunenburg.

"Is it my fault mother gave me a haircut with a hole in it?" he explained his bald, domed head.

He was below in Bluenose's cabin one afternoon early in her career when her many whims were being studied. He stopped off talking suddenly and stared into space.

"She feels," he said, jumping up, "a leetle rope-bound."

He ran up on deck and eased her sheet "this much," letting her great

80-foot main boom just creak outward. As if that microscopic change in trim had started an engine within her, Bluenose perked up and sped away.

His uncanny ability to feel trim and rate of speed by some strange inward sense helped him discover where Bluenose liked her ballast. Unlike other schooners who relish it midships and aft or midships and forward, Bluenose insisted that her pig iron be stowed in her two ends. Too much forward however would kill her as dead as a scow. Angus Walters used that knowledge on the rare instances when he wanted her to look slower than she was. He could kill her in light air by simply ordering men forward.

In the second race against the Ford, off Gloucester, in 1922, Bluenose's crew knew her power to windward better than Gloucester did then—although Gloucester learned all about it later. They liked the look of the sky that day. It held promise of wind. The first leg from Gloucester Breakwater to Thatcher's Light, however, started off in light air. It was a short four-mile reach with sheets well off and the two vessels were within easy conversational distance all the way. First one would take the lead and then the other. Ford had won the first race, a drifting match that barely finished within the time limit, and the Yankees were cocky. Boasts and invective and taunts and dire threats filled the air back and forth.

Slowly the sky's promise paid off. Knot by knot the wind picked up. Just in time to be lead boat around Thatcher's with a long, true windward leg in prospect, Bluenose slid into the lead. With her wind clear she would have her weather and her kind of sailing in 10 seconds. Long Albert ran aft and standing on Bluenose's very stern he shouted back at the Ford.

"If you gentlemen got anything further to say, say it now," he warned. "From now on it'll cost you . . . postage."

He was lost a few years later in his own vessel with all hands somewhere between St. Pierre and Bay of Islands, Newfoundland. He was caught in a fall gale, bound up after herring.

"All of Canada Owned Her"

Angus Walters lives in a big white house around the corner from the Lunenburg Foundry's office. The years have been kind to him. He is a trifle slighter, a trifle more disarmingly mild-mannered than when he sailed Bluenose to her victories and she, in turn, made him the Dominion's most famous Nova Scotian. There was something about the little skipper's coiled energy, explosive force that Bluenose loved. She thrived under his dynamic energy in leash, his violence under wraps and understood him when it burst forth. He possesses it still. He was talking about Haligonian, the Canadian schooner designed by Roue for a Halifax syndicate to beat Bluenose. Bluenose beat her easily in two match races in 1926.

"I knew what she was before they matched us," he said. "We'd met her outside in the fishing. I'd watched her sail. 'Don't talk race,' I begged Roue. 'Please, Mr. Roue, for your sake, don't talk race.' 'We've got to race,' Roue said. 'All right,' I said. 'I won't do a thing. No racing canvas. Nothing special. We'll just wash up and come as we are from the fishing.' They took Haligonian up to Halifax and got all tuned up. We came in and they passed us coming up the harbor. On the wharf there were two fellows. 'How do you feel about meeting the Haligonian?' they said. 'Well,' I said, 'I don't make a practice of talking about my vessel



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before a race. You can see both of us and decide for yourself. I don't like to make any prophecies. But I'll tell you that that mild, almost soft voice of the little skipper's did not lift; only there was a sharpening twinkle in the steel-blue of his eyes, you and your partner bring a couple of boxes of good cigars down to meet us when we get in after tomorrow's race. I and my boys will have them half smoked before Haligonian's got a line ashore."

Talk of the sale of Bluenose came up in our interview. Captain Walters and a syndicate of his friends were the party of the second part in that transaction. They sold her.

"Don't think the effort to keep her here wasn't made," he said. "It was. There were a few of us who knew what she meant not only to this place but to Canada. But there were just a few of us—too few. Nobody else cared enough then. Now they do."

There was the matter of the noisy bell. It had been taken off Bluenose some years before. A society of Nova Scotians in Alberta wrote asking for some memento of her. Captain Walters granted them the bell. The storm of protest that followed has dinned in his ears. It has reached the editorial pages of the Maritime Press and been voiced on the radio.

"I'll tell you why I sent that bell

out West," he said. "I was the one who used to get the letters. I took her up the Lakes. I knew what she belonged to. Not just Lunenburg and Nova Scotia. All of Canada owned Bluenose. There were these people out there. They gloried in her even though they could never see her sail. I appreciated them and so did she. I thought they deserved her bell if they wanted it."

But Lunenburg is where all Canada pictures Bluenose. That is where her memorial will stand someday. If there is a young sculptor in the house right now—a young genius who can stand up for himself in a bargain because Lunenburg never could help shopping just a trifle over price—he might do well to hie him out to the eastward. A marble likeness of just a portion of her stern say with its beautiful fashion piece and the gold letters of her name would look good out Rouses Brook way overlooking the harbor. Or maybe her wheel and a bit of her deck with Long Albert down to leeward on one bony knee as he used to kneel steering her by the luff of her towering canvas. Or the little skipper himself with the after end of her 80-foot main boom slatting over as he jibed her.

Lunenburg is in the mood for a memorial. A beautiful mood when one thinks about it. A whole county tearful with grief for a vessel. ★

Who Would Want to Live On the Prairies?

Continued from page 19

Park down on the creek two elderly visiting spinsters mumbled about strapless suits and "those indecent shorts the men wear." Most of the wearers of the strapless suits continued to practice back flips on the diving board or relax in shade. Most of them were taking the trees for granted. They were too young to remember the famous lone tree over by the city dam which once provided the only leafy shade closer than the South Saskatchewan River. When the old poplar finally succumbed to years and wind and drought, some of us felt we'd lost a friend.

There were a lot of people gardening that Sunday morning. Stan Stead and his son were taking a look at their acres of potential prize gladioli near the new CPR dam. Several Chinese crouched under their wide straw hats like mushrooms dotting the rows of green in their market gardens. The matron of the hospital took a look over Westlake Park (named for the late Alderman Westlake who, among other Canadians, wanted to be known as the father of the Canadian flag) and wondered who was playing tennis on such a sizzling day. Pro. Jim Borthwick at the Elmwood Golf Club figured there'd be a good crowd as soon as it cooled off a little. There are no greens at Elmwood Club; well-rolled oiled sand fits in with prairie geography better than turf.

The tourist paused for gas and a Coke. When Bill Watters saw the Ontario license plate he assumed a studied deadpan and assured the visitor that you never feel the heat on the Prairies like you do down east. "It's because the air is dry. Same thing in winter. You don't feel the cold out west like you do down east at the coast. No siree! Not even at 40 below."

What Bill said is typical. Every prairie town is loyal to its drought cycles and its boom years; it is loyal to its mistakes (How could it be otherwise with only two or three generations' experience to adjust to all this geography?); above all it is loyal to the West. Only prairie newspapers record

stories of retired couples who left for the coast but "couldn't stick it" and returned to warm friendships born of vicissitudes and the occasional 40 below.

One prominent implement man—and the implement business is important in Swift Current—turned over the management of his firm to his son as so many old-timers are doing. He and his wife were through with drought and hail and depressions. They put in one summer and two winters at the coast. This year they are back home again—they said you couldn't really enjoy spring without living through winter, too. Now, even though an occasional winter returns to nip their annual bedding plants or the lilacs when they're in bud, they can talk about it with neighbors who understand. And the lilacs will bloom again next year.

Dr. W. H. Field, one of the town's first doctors, is still there, retired. There are any number of lawyers, doctors, dentists, businessmen who like to take a holiday east, west, north or south but who won't give up their comfortable prairie homes. They go east for the Grey Cup games, to California's Rose Bowl, to Banff's ski meets—when the crops are good. Other times they stay home, and think nothing of curling all night if the weatherman forecasts a Chinook.

Why do they stay in a country where the temperature ranges from 40 below to 100 in the shade, where dust storms and disastrous drought alternate with bumper crops? Well, it's nice to have room to breathe. Anywhere else you miss all this sky. And then there's the people; they're used to wide horizons; they prefer looking at the sky to pavements and cities you can't see for the buildings.

Crazy? Could be. But did you ever ride over the prairie at dawn, either on a good horse or in a car? Did you ever hold the first pale crocus in your hand? Or catch the look in the eyes of a farmer who is about to combine a field he has worked and sown? Have you stood beside a woman as she gazes at the sweet peas she is going to cut, blossoms so enormous and fragrant that you know instinctively they were developed from a plant native to the country? Have you watched a late

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The results are all you would expect—more home comfort; fuel savings up to 30% and more. More warmth delivered to rooms; full heat instantly; no warm-up as in conventional gun type burners.

Thousands of Vortex burners have been installed in old heating plants, while other thousands are firing new plants as Iron Fireman boiler-burner and furnace-burner units, with the Vortex burner built in. The records amply prove our claims.

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37 per cent with Iron Fireman Vortex

In Winnipeg, Mr. F. Kreutzen installed a gun-type oil burner in his new home and

Above: The Iron Fireman Vortex conversion burner. At right: Iron Fireman furnace or boiler with built-in Vortex oil burner.

used 1,618 gallons of oil during the first winter, 1946-1947. He then changed to an Iron Fireman Vortex, and in 1947-1948 his oil consumption dropped to 1,165 gallons, or a saving of 28 per cent. Last winter, 1948-1949 the amount of oil used again dropped to 1,015 gallons for the season—a saving of 603 gallons, or over 37 per cent compared to the first winter. Mr. Kreutzen writes: "With savings like this you can see that I am very much satisfied with my Iron Fireman Vortex burner. I think the reduction in oil used is truly remarkable."

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Continued on page 52



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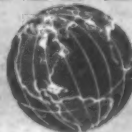
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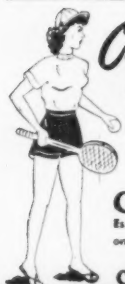
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Continued from page 50

The Kinetic Club is tough, hard-working and sentimental. When Cream Puff, the greatest rodeo horse of them all, died they buried him under the chutes where every contestant in the bronco-busting, wild-cow-milking or calf-roping events must ride over his grave. That's for luck, and what town deserves it more?

It's a democratic, friendly, informal, individualistic, tolerant town. Its citizens have acquired an outlook that is a mixture of Cossack pride, the political maturity of a Briton (despite or because of an interest in the CCF), a Gallic exuberance and a fortitude that could well stem from the Blackfeet and Plains Crees who once owned the whole country.

The late Tom Banks is still remembered with a certain pride. He was a customs man who drove an old model T Ford, famous even during World War I for its brass band and antiquity. A drive down to the border with him was something to recall. On one trip the brass band fell off. Tom picked it up and tossed it in back. The horn shook loose. It, too, went into the back. The spare tire went the same way. When the passenger enquired what he would do if the engine failed, Tom answered right off: "Chuck it in the back."

In the brief, spacious era of rum-running a number of expensive Cadillacs raced over the dirt roads between Swift Current and the Montana border, usually with Inspector Stewart in pursuit. The best story of this era has to do with the famous wheat-growing soil which, after a quick rainstorm, turns to a glue-like gumbo.

Still Waiting For that Bridge

One rumrunner cursed his luck when a car ahead of him stuck tightly in the mud. He tried to pull around only to get stuck as well. A moment later a third car, hard behind the rumrunner, stuck even deeper into the mud. The three drivers spent the night there together: Father Cabanel, out to minister to one of his flock; the rumrunner; and Inspector Stewart—the church, the law, and the devil.

Only the oldest old-timers remember Scottie Grant, the scion of a blue-blood family. Scottie was happy in Swift Current. He didn't have to work and a letter to his ancestral home might have been turned to a few needed dollars so vivid was each with fictional account of his herds and flocks and his

ranch holdings. Not even the proposed visit of an elder brother on his way home from a distinguished Indian Army career fazed Scottie. He had plenty of cowboy friends. Several of them obligingly rounded up a neighbor's cattle, and even the city herd. Everyone was disappointed when the brother's plans changed and he didn't show. Scottie, or one of his friends, stood everyone a round of drinks, so the effort wasn't wasted.

A prairie town has always been a good place for a resourceful man to make a living. It was when William Wesley Cooper arrived in 1903 to start up in the general store business. It still was when he died in 1948, a successful man whose Golden Rule business interests might merit the envy of most Canadians, when the hills about the cemetery were darkened by the cars of hundreds who came to pay their last respects while the chimes he had given to Metropolitan Church tolled across the cloud-dappled, wind-swept short grass and stubble.

W. J. ("Bill") McIntyre, "farmer to foundryman," has a business valued at \$150,000 with a turnover of \$50,000 a year. Twenty years ago McIntyre was a hard-pressed farmer trying to make both ends meet by doing a little tanning. The tanning operations led to town and to taking in a secondhand truck. The truck needed parts so that led to a foundry. Now he makes implements to fill the needs of prairie farmers: a grain loader (over 3,000 of them in the last 10 years); a machine for mixing poison for grasshoppers; a poison-bait spreader; a grain-treater for smut, one that cuts down danger of the farmer being poisoned in the operation.

This sort of industry is still new to Swift Current. In fact all industry is new there except the processing of farm produce. With no natural gas, no oil and only cheap-grade coal in the vicinity, farm produce promises to continue to be the main occupation. There's the horse-packing plant, which has processed millions of pounds of (surplus) horsemeat for human consumption in Belgium and UNRRA countries, some dairy products, a flour mill. The main business of the town is to serve the wheat-growing and ranching community.

There will be even more demand for such services when the long-awaited bridge finally crosses the South Saskatchewan River in its deep valley at The Landing. Down the steep road, laid out by an old Indian woman,

Maclean's Magazine, June 15, 1950

strings of cars and trucks line up for the slow, 4-vehicle ferry which occupants argue about whether the bridge will be high enough to clear the deep lake which will back up if and when the big Elbow dam is completed some 30 miles downstream. Meantime the CCF supporters plan to have the old ferry left intact—so that stubborn Liberal adherents won't have to humble themselves crossing a fine bridge built by the enterprising socialists.

Just now Swift Current is tightening its belt after three years' drought.

"But it won't be as bad as the '30's," they say, recalling the Dominion Experimental Station's leadership in contour plowing, stubble cultivation, dugouts and other water conservation schemes. During the '30's every farmer in some areas was on relief, though there were always some farmers who took it merely to save face for neighbors. They were the men who turned in old, out-of-circulation, large-size bills to implement dealers. New tractors were always being bought with money "out of the sock." It was good business because it kept the boys on the farm and that kept more people proud of their community.

You Don't Prick a Raindrop

Now, if the coming season continues dry, there will be satisfaction that the new \$230,000 technical high school is almost completely funded, that plans for the new Union Hospital are well in hand and the materials ready. The hospital will provide work as well as the morale stiffener for new construction. But, of course, this year may see plenty of moisture.

"You never can tell what will happen on the prairies. It's always a gamble. They like to tell of the man who sowed a field with rye two or three years ago and who didn't get around to summer-fallowing when the seed didn't sprout at all; there just wasn't enough moisture. Next spring, to his delighted amazement, the field came up green. The moisture had come, the rye grew and the yield was good. Best of all rye was selling at better than \$4 a bushel. He made a little fortune without touching the field till the time came to pull in the harvest.

Why do people love the Prairies? Why do some of us always think of a particular prairie town as home?

That is like trying to explain why you fell in love. You did. You don't prick a raindrop to see what's inside. Not on the Prairies. ★

The Bard Brings In The Bucks

Continued from page 14

proof against the siren call of Paris or the sunny seduction of Rome and Florence. Shakespeare is a gilt-edged investment. What is more he is now an industry.

At this moment in Stratford-upon-Avon 15,000 inhabitants are getting ready for the summer rush, for this is a community that unblushingly lives upon the Bard. The guides are rehearsing their monologues for showing you Shakespeare's house, Shakespeare's burial place and Ann Hathaway's cottage, while butcher shops will offer Shakespeare sausages, and other shops will have a brand-new variety of Shakespeare relics and souvenirs.

The estimate this year is that 2 million tourists will make the journey to Stratford. That means dollars for the railways, for car-hire fares, for the hotels and shops of Stratford and for

the nearby towns of Warwick and Leamington which handle the overflow.

The journey from London by car is a thing of joy for the best route is through Oxford, where you can lunch at the Mitre and gaze upon the ancient spires of the colleges. Having traveled through the blue billowing Cotswolds you then set your compass for the loveliest countryside in all England, the countryside that lit the undying candle of poetry in the brain of young Will Shakespeare who, on his poaching expeditions, would pause to listen to a skylark's note for the gurgling laughter of the river.

You will remember, or at any rate you ought to, those lines of breathtaking beauty when, in "Midsummer Night's Dream," Oberon tells Puck where he will find Titania:

*I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,*

With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;

*There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.*

It was true in the 16th century as it is today that the boy is father to the man, and the feckless Will Shakespeare in his woodland wanderings was sensing the beauty that would eventually be enshrined in deathless words. Poor fellow, he had no television to bring the river to him, no radio to keep him home of nights, no cinema to display love and gangsters to his adolescent eye. He did not even go to college where poetry would be crammed down his throat between science and economics.

The river is still there and you can hire a launch to take yourself up it. And from the river you can gaze on a large ugly modern building that looks like a warehouse but which is actually the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.

Continued on page 55



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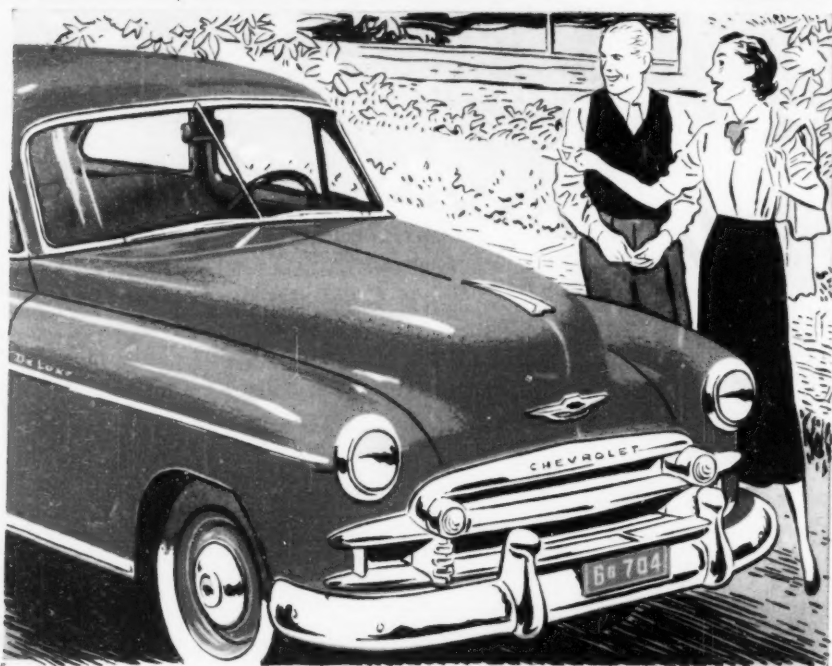
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A
GENERAL MOTORS VAL

Continued from page 52

was built not very long ago and the plans were open to competition. The final result was a hopeless anachronism which never should have been erected.

For a long time the Memorial Theatre traveled on its reputation and gave good sound workable seasons of Shakespeare, but there was not enough money or glory to draw the stars from London. However, the visiting pilgrims heard Shakespeare's lines adequately spoken and since he himself was the star they did not mind that the actors were little more than of repertory standard.

The Bard in Arkansas

But in the Hitler war that began to change. A mean mind might think that Stratford was a safe haven from bombing and that our famous actors might well have found that artistic duty and bodily security could meet to advantage on the banks of the Avon. Personally I rule that out for actors the world over are much the same. They will play their parts regardless of hazards whether the danger comes from critics or bombs.

A more likely reason was that the U. S. Army had discovered Stratford. G.I.s came from everywhere to sit at the feet of the master. Nor was it pretence or snobbery. They were discovering that Shakespeare was more than a school routine task, that he was in fact a playwright who, as a commercial artist, was out to please his audience. And in the process they were also finding that the matter of constructing a play and in the dialogue of his characters Shakespeare could make the ordinary successful modern playwright look like a beginner. However, we need not labor that point at this moment.

There was something deeper, too, in this development of the Shakespeare cult. After the war was over and Britain had entered upon the harsh aftermath it was widely realized that the outside world was looking upon John Bull as an old aristocrat who had come upon hard times and that his great days were over. The proud man who has become a beggar is not an easy role to play and even our friends became impatient, though they mixed impatience with practical sympathy.

It was at such a moment that our leading actor, Sir Laurence Olivier, decided to make films of "Henry V" and "Hamlet." Even the British cinema proprietors shuddered at the prospect, for how could "Hamlet" compete with Betty Grable or Humphrey Bogart? To the credit of J. Arthur Rank he gave the all-clear signal to Olivier.

It was not without some emotion that I read in this morning's Daily Express a dispatch from its New York correspondent who had just been visiting a small backwoods town in Arkansas. Wanting to fill in an idle hour he went to the cinema and found that the attraction was "Hamlet." The management had brought it back "in response to popular demand."

"Good Night, Sweet Prince"

In London the film of "Hamlet" played for nearly a year at one of our largest cinemas before it was released to the general public. I am not pretending that it made a vast fortune because there were districts in the North where it was avoided as if it contained the poison which so untimely ended the life of Hamlet's father. Nor did the big circuits in the U. S. dare to take the gamble. Yet in smaller theatres it made its way across the English-speaking world and it will be shown when Olivier is too old to play anything but

King Lear and Ingrid Bergman is a grandmother beyond temptation.

A few weeks ago a friend of mine called me up and asked if I would drive out to a town near London where a company of strolling players called The Taverners were to play "Hamlet" at a pub called the St. Helier Arms. We arrived in an hour and sat down before a small stage while all around people were drinking beer and waiting for the show to begin.

There was the usual boisterous conversation of beer drinkers, the giggling of some fairly battered blondes, and the arguments of citizens on the merits of the Government. In fact it was just one of a thousand pubs that make up the second parliament of the nation.

Then on the tiny stage, in costume but without scenery, the play began. They were ardent amateurs who devoted their nights to playing in taverns, but the young chap playing Hamlet had fire in his belly, and the second gravedigger was as good as I have ever seen.

The crowd stood around and watched with wondering eyes. Every now and then the cash register rang at a moment when silence was needed but the actors were not to be put off. Slowly the magic of Shakespeare began to work upon the crowd. The matchless music of his language was exerting its spell. The play had to be cut, of course, but the essentials were there and so the tragedy moved to its climax with the dying Hamlet in the arms of the faithful Horatio.

Richard III Tough as Capone

There was no ringing of the cash register now, no ordering of drinks, no mumbled comments or jocose asides. The greatest tragedy ever written was nearing its pitiful, majestic end. The clerk who was playing Hamlet looked into the face of Horatio and began his last farewell.

*I die, Horatio,
The potent poison quite o'er-crowns
my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from
England.*

A few more halting words and then that last whispered utterance that has wrung tears from hearts of steel:

The rest is silence.

So tense was the atmosphere in the room that Horatio hardly needed to raise his voice beyond a murmur to say:

*Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to
thy rest!*

Shakespeare's genius is as universal as the tides of the sea, and the rise and setting of the sun. In that Arkansas town, in Paris, Moscow, and Berlin, in Toronto, Melbourne, Capetown, in any country anywhere, Shakespeare speaks a language that is its own interpreter.

At last even the politicians, whose ears are tuned more readily to the doubtful music of their own words than to a poet's, have realized that Shakespeare can be used as an Empire builder. Two years ago Sir Laurence Olivier and his wife Vivien Leigh headed a company that toured Australia with three classical plays which included one by Shakespeare, "Richard III." Even those Australians who had doubts about the Bard as entertainment value found to their excitement that Richard III was a gangster who would have driven Al Capone out of business if he had lived in modern

times, and that the play moves with the tempestuous swiftness of a gale on the high seas.

The following year the actual company from Stratford upon Avon toured Australia under the leadership of Anthony Quayle. This time it was Shakespeare only but the theatres were again crowded. So now it is being planned by the Government-sponsored Arts Council that the Stratford Company shall be on all-the-year-round basis, playing the summer season at the Memorial Theatre and then setting out for tours through the English-speaking world.

Some of our greatest actors will join these tours which will be good for them and good for our overseas kinsmen. You who live across the seas will hear the words of the noblest master of our common tongue spoken as Shakespeare meant them to be, for the English theatre is a continuing trustee and custodian of this legacy of the centuries.

A Giant Broke His Chains

You will see the comedies written by Shakespeare in his early years in London before, as Shaw says, he allowed his brains to go to his head. You will see his historical tragedies which are bad history but great drama. Then you will have his tragedies, culminating in "Hamlet," the greatest play of all time, a play that one can see a hundred times and find new beauties, new sorrows and fresh wisdom in each performance.

When Elizabeth came to the throne England was in the grip of defeat and discouragement. The strength and vaulting ambition of Spain was a shadow that darkened the counsels and the hopes of England's harassed rulers. The sea had become a path by which her enemies could attack her and there were many wise as well as foolish men who said her sun was setting and her day was done.

And then the latent greatness of the people sprang to life. Like a giant breaking his chains the nation recovered its pride, its spirit of adventure and its sense of destiny. Inspired by the remarkable woman on the throne there began such an era as still gleams upon the pages of history.

A Tear for Pretty Annie

Strangely enough the arts leaped forward at the same moment. A man was not content to be a knight attached to the court or a captain of cavalry but had to be a poet or a painter as well. Francis Bacon was not satisfied with being Lord Chancellor, but must become the greatest philosopher of his age. Into this vibrant atmosphere came young Shakespeare from Stratford and gave expression to men's thoughts. Like the rest of the Elizabethans he loved England's friends because they were her friends and hated England's enemies because they were her enemies.

His genius burst the bounds of territory and time and overflowed the centuries. Today as a debtor nation the English can turn to more fortunate lands and say: "We gave you Shakespeare. Is that nothing to you?"

So this week Stratford upon Avon will be visited for the first time in 300 years by the ruling monarch. The play that the King and Queen will see is about an English king who had many wives.

I am certain that the Queen will shed a tear for pretty Anne Bullen and that the King will have a furtive admiration for Bluff King Hal, even if he disapproves of that monarch's domestic policy in regard to marriage. ★

To People who want to write but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write, but fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the former editor of Liberty said on this subject:

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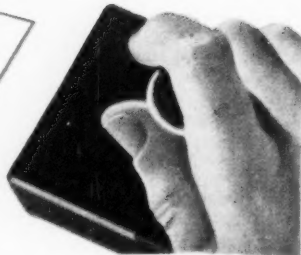
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Watch the Birdie, Your Highness

Continued from page 13

of a frown is sooner perceptible. Her sinuous movements are pantherlike, mermaidlike and, although she is tall, with large arms, hands and legs, she is an ethereal wraith."

That's a fair sample of how he writes about women. In his "Book of Beauty" there are dozens of descriptions of women sitters. He writes just what he feels. One beauty was so enraged she rammed a red-hot poker through the book.

"I do wish women wouldn't prepare to be photographed as they would for a major operation," he says. But any preparation is likely to be superfluous for a Beaton sitting. He doesn't object to brown or blue eye make-up, for instance, but he can't stand a lot of face powder. He likes a shiny face, especially a shiny nose. And if he's using a panchromatic make-up you may find your eyes reddened and your lips daubed black while Beaton climbs the mantelpiece to get the right angle on you. Or anyway, that's how it used to be when he specialized in bizarre photography.

Everything about him was bizarre 20 years ago when he wore pink evening clothes and grotesque waistcoats and rose to fame with a schoolboy camera which got so old it had to be held together with tape.

Prints in the Family Tub

Beaton's mother, a graceful handsome woman, was not eccentric, and his father was a successful timber merchant with a taste for amateur theatricals. Young Cecil had always been so different from other boys. He collected shiny photos of musical comedy actresses when he was hardly out of the nursery; most of his school notebooks had been filled with drawings of stage and society beauties instead of lessons; and when he ought to have been studying he'd fooled around with a toy theatre, casting from magazine cutouts and staging whole productions from *Daly's* or the *Gaiety*.

They gave him a box camera on his eighth birthday. His two sisters then had to doll up in muslin curtains and bedspreads, with lilies in their hands, for their portraits in the middle of a flower bed. The family bath was always full of prints being washed and the windows blocked with developing frames. And then Cecil would spend the evenings with a penknife and a fountain pen retouching the pictures, trying to make the girls look like the current West End rave, Lily Elsie.

From Harrow, where he went sketching while other boys played cricket, Cecil went to Cambridge, where he was photographer for the dramatic society. When he came home he wore gold lamé ties and babbled about Botticelli.

Beaton, Sr., subsidized a cement company £1 a week to pay Cecil £1 a week to invoice sacks. He couldn't hold the job. Then he tried designing book jackets which he hawked to publishers.

The Beaton sisters still humored Cecil by posing for his "arty" photos and sometimes persuaded friends of theirs to come and help out. Some of the photos began to be noticed. Bit by bit he began to tick over and earn a guinea or two. One day Lady Eleanor Smith, well-known authoress of novels about gypsies, came to the house to pose, looking very much like a gypsy herself. And then, wonder of wonders, Lily Langtry, once the most photographed woman in the world and still

beautiful at 77. Beaton took the last photos of the Jersey Lily ever taken, her perfect Grecian profile set off by a bunch of Madonna lilies.

Suddenly the Bright Young People of the early 20's discovered Cecil Beaton. Sick of wartime dreariness they wanted something mad and freakish. Beaton gave it to them. He photographed them enclosed in glass bells, bursting through paper screens, framed by balloons. Sometimes he took several exposures of the same negative to express multiple personality. Once he snapped poet Edith Sitwell dressed as a cherub on a checkered floor against a flight of stuffed doves.

Gertrude Lawrence, dancer Tilly Losch, Beatrice Lillie and a good many more came along. His studio was the Beaton's drawing-room. Ninny, the 60-year-old family nurse, perched on top of a pair of steps working the high lights; Manley, the dignified butler, adjusted the screens when he was not opening the front door.

Schiaparelli, the Parisian dress-maker, was sitting for her portrait when a light fuse blew out. In the darkness Beaton gave her a shower bath by knocking over a huge vase of lilies just above her. Schiaparelli burst into angry French, the butler lost his aplomb, and the house dog rushed into the room barking his head off.

Beaton, Sir., came quickly into his drawing-room one morning and found Tallulah Bankhead in a petticoat and a wedding veil.

Social leaders like Lady Oxford were coming to Beaton now. "My face is just two profiles stuck together," Lady Oxford said. Beaton didn't agree. He was beginning to find beauty in old village dames, mousy vicars' wives, cooks off for the afternoon toggled up in their Sunday best.

Mayfair took Cecil Beaton to its bosom. Everyone talked about him. Money came tumbling in. To the amazement of Beaton, Sr., he was soon able to lease a charming William and Mary house near the tiny village of Tollard Royal in Wiltshire.

In Tollard Royal they still talk about the way Cecil decorated that house. The floor of the bedroom corridor was carpeted with rabbitskins dyed pale blue. Half the village was set to work sewing 300,000 pearl buttons onto his studio curtains. Outlines of his guests' hands touched up with crimson ornamented the bathroom walls and the sitting room was papered with clippings from the magazines of all nations. Military drums took the place of occasional tables. In the famous Circus Bedroom, murals of circus folk — painted by talented guests like Rex Whistler or Lord Berners — looked down on a huge four-poster bed, made by a fun fair equipment firm, with great twisted brass posts.

Lynn and Alfred Sat

Crowds of sight-seers came to gape and gossip about the strange things which went on at Tollard Royal. There were *fêtes champêtres* when guests arrived as shepherds and shepherdesses and the waiters wore the head of birds and animals. Beaton would change his costume a dozen times in an evening. He refused to sleep in a bedroom unless he had personally decorated it. Once he and the Sitwells hired an auditorium and recited poetry through the foghorns from behind a pale petachio-green curtain. It was all good fun and good publicity.

Beaton ventured overseas and in New York Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt led the rush for sittings. American society flocked to see his exhibition of photos and drawings at P. B. Beach.

To help cover the wall space he dug out some sketches he had done when he was 14 and to his amazement they sold at about \$250 apiece.

Cecil photographed half the lovelies of New York, was feted until he nearly died of exhaustion, tottered aboard his ship and fell into a cabin stuffed to the roof with flowers. He woke up two days later to find the stewardess had taken him for a corpse.

When he staggered up on deck, rubbing his eyes, he ran into Noel Coward who was furious about a critique Beaton had written about a Coward revue. They bickered all the way home. "And that," says Beaton, "was the beginning of a long and valued friendship." Nobody dislikes Cecil Beaton. Not for long anyway.

On a later trip to the United States Beaton invaded Hollywood. Big stars, accustomed to superlative cameras, glamorous make-up backgrounds of conventional splendor, drew deep breaths and posed for him against backgrounds of iron girders and swinging chains. The new Beaton style became the rage.

Cecil Beaton made photography a fashionable profession. Witness the story that the scion of a noble house in England had got himself engaged and was having trouble with his father who didn't think the girl's blood was blue enough. He pulled out the stops about his fiancée's beauty, talents, angelic character, but the father was not impressed. At last the boy burst out, "Dammit, father, she's been photographed by Cecil Beaton!"

He Was Scared Stiff of Winnie

It's now a hallmark of social success to be photographed by Beaton. Everyone has got to know royalty through his photos: the late Duke of Kent in the garden with his two children, listening to a blackbird; the Duke and Duchess of Windsor on their Austrian honeymoon; the Queen posed informally by a pillar in the palace, or looking down from the gilded galleries between her two daughters.

Early in World War II. Alfred Duff Cooper, then chief of the Ministry of Information, set Beaton photographing such big shots as Ernest Bevin, Lord Tedder and Lord Halifax.

Beaton was scared stiff when he was sent to snap Winston Churchill at No. 10 Downing Street in the first few days of the London blitz, but he summoned enough nerve to knock and walk in on the great man.

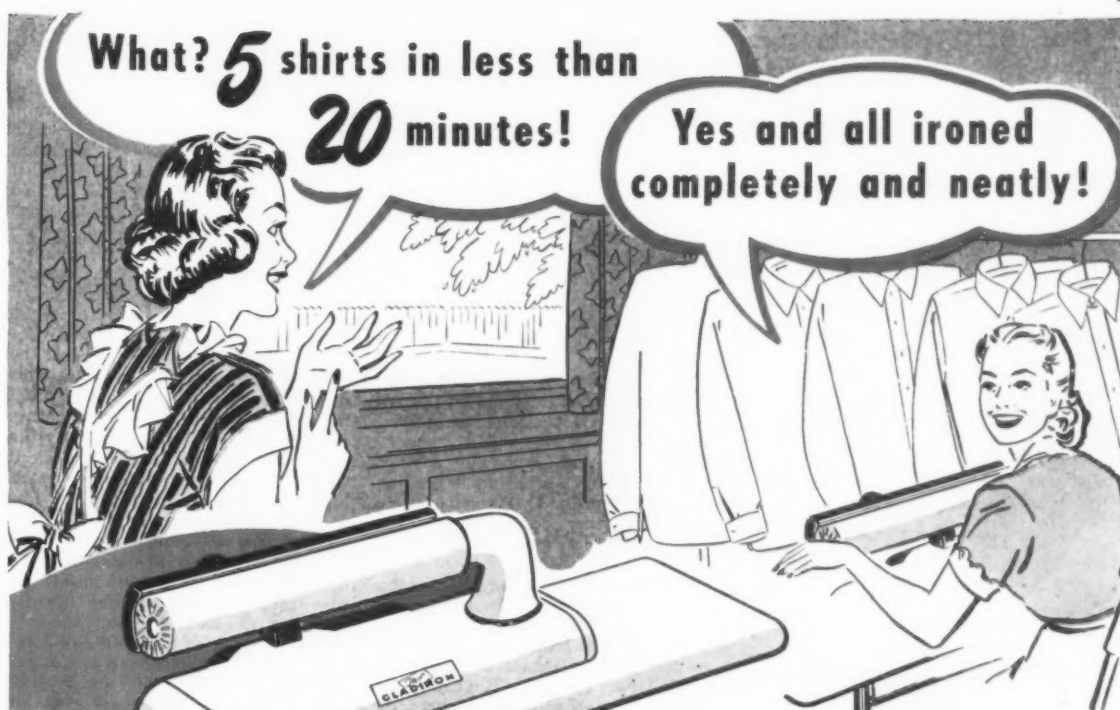
Churchill took one angry look at the intruder and went on with his dictation. "It was just like stalking a bulldog of uncertain temper," says Beaton. Churchill consented to pose for exactly one minute.

The result was a picture which found its way into every corner of the Empire and to every Allied battlefield. Bulldog was written all over it.

After camera-shooting the war on the home front (society debs in the cornfields; London families sleeping against walls with their babies in suitcases) Beaton was sent abroad to act as the "eyes of Britain" for friends and relations of troops away on active service. In the Western Desert he found unexpected beauty in burned-out planes and shattered tanks. He toured the Middle East, India, Burma and China, bringing home 50,000 photos.

But he hadn't been able to resist royalty. In Iran he dallied to snap the Shah and his household; In Iraq he photographed seven-year-old King Faisal II (now a Harrow schoolboy) lying on the marble floor of his Bagdad palace.

When the war ended Beaton was



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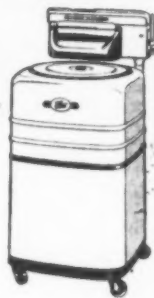


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tired of photography and his fancy turned to stage designing. He'd tried his hand at it once or twice in the 30's and he wanted to try again.

Just after VE-Day he met actor and producer John Gielgud in a restaurant. Gielgud said he was putting on Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan." Would Cecil care to do the dress designs and decor?

Beaton was so excited he couldn't sleep. He rushed around auction sales buying curtains, tablecloths, bedspreads—anything he could use to get around the Board of Trade's restrictions on new theatrical clothing. A lucky find was the wardrobe of a *grande dame* who had been invited to the Imperial Russian Court on the eve of World War I. and had preserved her dresses.

Beaton's clothes for the play were so magnificent that some of the critics sermonized him for extravagance. He was given other commissions. Sir Alexander Korda signed him for a film contract.

Cecil found he liked designing for the screen better than he'd expected. In "The Ideal Husband" he reveled in the lamplit opulence of the late 90's and it was fun coaxing pastel tones out of technicolor. For "Anna Karenina" he dressed Vivien Leigh in lovely 1880

Maclean's Magazine, June 15, 1950

costumes and made friends with Sir Laurence Olivier who set him designing for other productions.

It wasn't as if Cecil was a raw hand at designing. For years he'd been on the staff of Vogue in New York, which he still visits once a year. He'd created new fashions based on the surrealist Salvador Dali. New York was startled when it first saw mannequins in lavish frocks sitting on upturned whitewash buckets among piles of debris, or standing in empty rooms with the ceilings falling in hiding their faces behind newspapers. But like everything else Beaton does, it succeeded.

And he'll try anything. When he was invited to the U.S. to recreate his designs for "Lady Windermere's Fan" he found the producer in difficulties over the casting. Who could play the small but important part of Cecil Graham? Beaton timidly proposed himself and was accepted. The rest of the cast treated it as a joke. His mother, his secretary, his attorney all wired him not to risk making a fool of himself. But Cecil went ahead, and won reviews ranging from friendly backslaps to genuine praise.

Now he's trying his hand as a playwright. He has written one play and is working at another. The first is to be produced in London this year. ★

Saint John: City of Firsts

Continued from page 9

dozens of tributaries, and is the mightiest river emptying into the Atlantic between the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi.

Like most salty old characters Saint John has peculiarities. They include what is perhaps the shortest main street in Canada, a tide that has a 25-foot range, and the Reversing Falls.

The surprisingly short main street—King Street—climbs uphill the whole three blocks of its length. It begins at Market Slip, where the Loyalists landed and where coastal schooners and tugs are now moored, and it ends at King Square, where band concerts are held on summer evenings.

When the tide goes out the vessels in Market Slip are left high and dry and heel over on their sides until the tide comes back in and refloats them. Half the film used in Saint John by camera-toting tourists is devoted to recording this fact pictorially.

No other river of the St. John's magnitude has such a narrow mouth—100 yards wide through limestone cliffs 100 feet tall. Every 12 hours Fundy's tide rises above the level of the river and thunders upstream through the gorge, tingeing the water with salt at Fredericton, 90 miles distant. Then Fundy's tide drops below the river's level and the St. John roars down through the gorge, white with wrath. This phenomenon is called the Reversing Falls—although Reversing Rapids would be more accurate.

On each ebb and flow of the tide there is a half hour when Fundy and the St. John strain against each other with equal force and are deadlocked. Only then can a ship be navigated from the bay into the river, or the river into the bay.

In Saint John's long history many people have been drowned in the Reversing Falls, most of them suicides. The bodies are never recovered. Apparently the undertow sucks them down and carries them out to sea. But in 1946, when a playful mental patient escaped from the nearby Provincial Hospital and dived in for a swim,

howling with glee, a whimsical current matched his mood, kept him on the surface, spun him in circles, and tossed him safely back on the shore.

Ugly and elegant, drab and exciting, the city at the estuary of the St. John River is a study in contrasts. Bliss Carman, the poet, liked to wander bareheaded along the water front, his unkempt hair tossing in the breeze. He wrote of Saint John:

*All the beauty and mystery
Of life were there, adventure bold,
Youth, and the glamour of the sea,
And all its sorrows old.*

For another view you can turn to the reports of Saint John's own Town Planning Commission, which state bluntly that no other Canadian community of comparable size has a worse slum problem. Or you can peruse the data gathered by the federal census takers in 1941.

In that year—and the situation hasn't changed much—eight out of every 10 Saint John families lived in flats or apartments. Only Montreal and Verdun had a smaller percentage of self-contained dwellings. Less than a quarter of the families in Saint John owned their homes, and the rest rented. Ninety per cent of all housing was wooden.

Streets of Sagging Tenements

These statistics translate into street after street of sagging tenement buildings. Flat-roofed and dismal they lean against one another for support and are set flush against the sidewalks. They lack lawns and gardens and in hundreds of them the tenants share the plumbing facilities.

Many of these warrens should be torn down, but mass demolition must await the provision of new housing. While 960 units have been built in Saint John in the last eight years under public programs and hundreds of others have been put up by private individuals there is still an acute housing shortage, because during the war the population took an unusual upward spurt.

Saint Johners refer to the box-shaped tenements of the poorer districts as "Saint John Gothic" and sadly

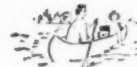
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CAT'S PAW
NON-SLIP
Rubber Heels and Soles

joke that a fire would improve the scenery. Ironically, one of the biggest fires in Canadian history was partly responsible for present conditions. It swept Saint John on June 20, 1877.

The Daily Telegraph of June 21 was cranked out on a borrowed hand press—the one press which escaped the flames. A single sheet, headed A DAY OF DEATH AND DISASTER, this issue reported:

"Yesterday was the most calamitous day ever known in the annals of Saint John. Nothing could have burst more suddenly on the unsuspecting citizens than the fire, which destroyed so many valuable lives, wasted property by the millions worth, laid arrest on many and varied forms of industry, and spread not only desolation but terror and consternation all around. The public buildings, the palaces of commerce, the temples of religion, the banks, the palatial residences, the newspapers and telegraph offices, the schoolhouses, almost all the things of which the citizens of Saint John were proud, were all, in a few hours, laid in ruins . . ."

The property loss was more than \$15 millions—a staggering sum in those days—and the homes of nearly half the inhabitants were destroyed.

Currier and Ives brought out a lurid lithograph of Saint John ablaze. Queen Victoria cabled condolences. And relief poured in by trainload and shipload. Toronto alone raised \$70,000 for Saint John and there were generous contributions from Chicago, Boston, New York and other centres.

With thousands of families sheltered in Army tents and winter just five months off housing had to be constructed fast at the least possible cost, because only one third of the loss was covered by insurance and funds were scarce.

There was neither the time nor the money for decent architecture—so "Saint John Gothic" was born. It has survived because the population has grown too slowly to encourage real-estate developments, because the rocky and hilly terrain makes self-contained houses expensive, and because, until half-century-old streetcars were replaced with buses a couple of years ago, Saint John's transportation system was so bad that most people wanted to live within walking distance of their work.

On top of this, Saint Johners are exceptionally fond of camps and cottages and a lot of them seem willing to endure mean surroundings in the winter if they can summer beside a lake, a river or the sea. No matter how small his income is a Saint Johner will pinch and scrape to acquire a spot in the country.

Inside, Mahogany and Silver

Even on the majority of better-class residential streets the houses nudge the sidewalks but they have a mid-Victorian dignity about them. They are more impressive inside than out. Behind their walls you usually find high-ceilinged well-proportioned rooms, brightened by mahogany and silver heirlooms.

The most exclusive district is Mount Pleasant, which originally was bare rock. Rich shipowners chose it for their homes because its elevation let them sweep the harbor with their telescopes as they watched for incoming vessels.

Barks and brigantines and schooners ordinarily sailed from Saint John with full cargoes of lumber, discharged at foreign ports, and loaded stones for ballast on the return voyage. The Mount Pleasant shipowners—and Saint John was then the fourth largest wooden shipowning port in the world—had their captains bring back ballast

of clay and loam. This was hauled up by horse and cart and spread over the bare rock, so now Mount Pleasant has trees and gardens and lawns. Dig there and your spade will turn up a dozen layers of earth from a dozen countries.

The old shipowners are gone but some of the mansions remain, designed by the same men who designed the windships, and constructed of the same materials by the same carpenters, and paneled with mahogany and walnut and oak.

While Saint John has no university it has a certain cultural tradition. For example, its art colony, headed by painters like Jack Humphrey and Miller Brittain, is internationally known although poorly rewarded financially. Humphrey is regarded by many critics as Canada's best colorist. He and his wife, Jean, who weaves on a handloom, live in a downtown office building in a suite that formerly housed a law firm—two rooms and a vault. The vault is now serving the Humphreys as a pantry.

The New Brunswick Museum—the one founded by old Dr. Gesner—contains the Canadiana gathered by the late Dr. J. Clarence Webster, who was chairman of the National Historic Sites and Monuments Board. This collection, worth more than \$1 million, includes what is said to be the world's best assortment of pictures of General Wolfe and papers relating to Quebec's conqueror.

Beaverbrook Borrowed a Buck

New Brunswick's Music Festival, held in Saint John each spring, has upward of 2,000 participants, the majority from Saint John itself. "The Star-Spangled Banner," national anthem of the United States, was written by Francis Scott Key, who was the son of a Loyalist and spent his early childhood in Saint John.

The honorary patron of Saint John's Theatre Guild is Margaret Anglin. The famed actress and her brother, Frank, late Chief Justice of Canada, were children of a Saint John newspaper editor, Timothy Anglin, who became Speaker of the House of Commons. At 74 Miss Anglin is remembered in her home town as a tomboy who alternated between climbing trees and spouting Shakespeare. Her first performance (admission one cent) was in a barn behind the family residence on Waterloo Street.

Louis B. Mayer, who earns more than \$1 million a year as a motion picture tycoon, is remembered in Saint John as a hungry urchin.

Saint Johners remember Walter Pidgeon as a skinny kid with a fine voice, whose knees rattled with fright as he sang "Blow, Blow Thou Wintry Wind" at a patriotic rally in the old Imperial Theatre in 1916.

Lord Beaverbrook, who revisits Saint John each year, now has a tremendous fortune. But Saint Johners remember when he was a \$5-a-week cub reporter who occasionally borrowed a dollar to tide him over until payday. He's so popular in Saint John that members of the sedate Union Club rise and applaud when he drops in for lunch. And he still likes to reminisce about his brief and underpaid reportorial career.

Old and wise Saint John has less racial and religious intolerance than most cities. Jews are not barred from any social circles. A Negro, Joseph Seale, is a prominent fish exporter. Years ago when a lunch wagon proprietor refused to serve a Negro the indignation was so widespread that he lost half his customers.

Protestants outnumber Catholics six to four and official positions are allotted

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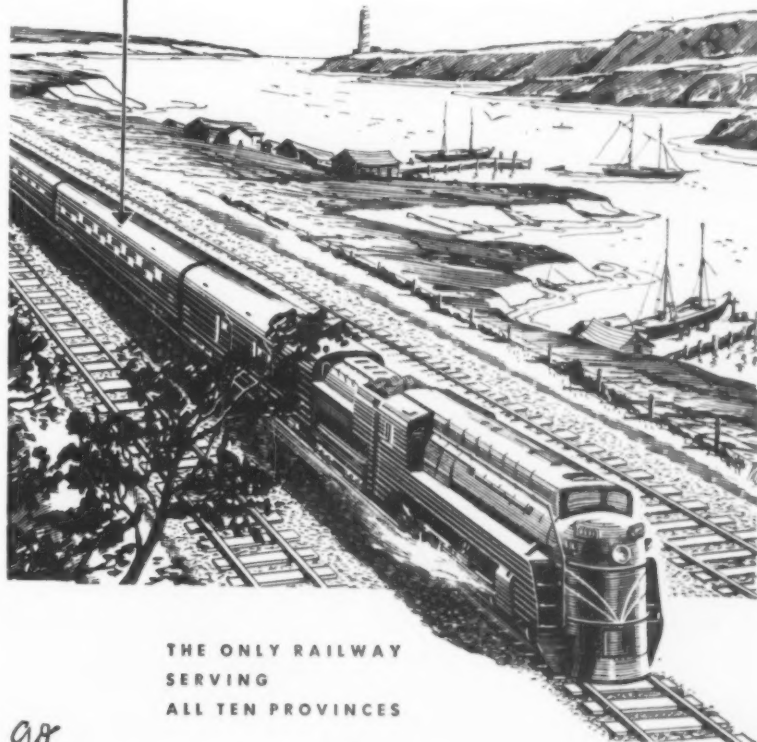


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in roughly that ratio by an unwritten agreement.

Saint John is the sort of town where grocers hand out cookies to the toddlers who go shopping with their mothers, where the fact that Hon. D. L. MacLaren is New Brunswick's lieutenant-governor doesn't stop people from calling him "Larry," and where the neighbors always arrive with baked hams and potato scallops when there's a death in a family. In other words it's friendly.

Its newspapers, the *Telegraph-Journal* (morning) and the *Evening Times-Globe*, are both published by the same company. The *Telegraph-Journal* brought out a 70th anniversary edition in 1938.

Elderly Saint Johners are fond of compiling lists of "Saint John firsts." Besides the first foghorn, the first museum, the first board of trade, the first cotton mill, the first biscuit factory they count the first fire insurance company in British North America, established by Munson Jarvis in 1801; the first compound steam engine in the world, invented by Benjamin Tibbetts in 1845; the first postage-stamp album in the world, by Robert Reid in 1853; the first YWCA in Canada, opened in 1870; the first Knights of Pythias Lodge in Canada, established in 1870; the first Boy Scout Apple Day in the World, held in 1931.

They Fish Till They Die

The first hollow midsection hull was designed in Saint John in the 1870's by David Lynch and racing yachts have been built on this principle ever since. It was in Saint John that old Dr. Gesner started the research which enabled him to patent kerosene oil. Dr. W. Rupert Turnbull, of Saint John, who is still living, invented the controllable pitch airplane propeller now in universal use.

The first long-bladed speed skates were invented by a blacksmith a few miles from Saint John. And the first Canadian to be world speed-skating champion was Charles I. Gorman, of Saint John, who set records in 1927 which are yet to be broken.

All Saint Johners learn to skate soon after they learn to walk, and skate until age stiffens their joints.

They learn to manipulate a fishing rod about the time they discard their teething rings, and fish until they die. (They're such enthusiastic anglers and hunters that when the Saint John branch of the New Brunswick Fish and Game Protective Association has a meeting it hires the town's second largest theatre and packs it to the doors.)

An amazing number of Saint Johners learn to handle boats. The broad reaches of the St. John above the Reversing Falls, and its biggest tributary, the Kennebecasis, give them plenty of scope for yachting and from May to October the blue rivers are dotted with white sails.

Because Robert Foulis developed his foghorn at Saint John people all over the world concluded that Saint John must be constantly blanketed with fog. They dubbed the place the "Foggy City." Actually it has less fog than most seaports. In the winter months it often has more hours of sunshine than any other spot in Canada where records are kept by the Dominion Meteorological Service. Its summer sunshine rating compares favorably with inland points. Because of the surrounding salt water, which never freezes, the climate is mild in winter, cool in summer.

When July and August heat waves blister most of North America visitors flock to Saint John, where the tempera-

ture rarely noses above 70 degrees and you can always sleep with a blanket over you at night.

Samuel de Champlain, of Brouage, France, is the first tourist of whom Saint John has an authentic record. He arrived on June 24, 1604, but other Europeans must have preceded him because Choudun, the Micmac chief who greeted Champlain, could speak a few words of French, which he had apparently picked up from French fishermen.

Champlain named the river the St. John, because it was St. John the Baptist's Day. The city is named after the river.

An Arnold Opened a Store

Saint John's name is at times a source of confusion and annoyance. Several million Canadians and many more millions in the United States seem incapable of distinguishing Saint John, N.B., from St. John's, Newfoundland, and St. Johns, Quebec. A good deal of mail is consequently misdirected.

A couple of years ago the Saint John Board of Trade, in a rash moment, proposed that Saint John change its name. Loud howls of protest promptly arose on all sides from proud and angry citizens.

The first English settlers at Saint John were James Simonds, William Hazen and James White, hard-trading New Englanders who built a post in 1764 and dealt in fish, furs, timber and limestone. The Hazens still in Saint John are descendants of William.

By the close of the American Revolution most United Empire Loyalists had fled to New York. The British decided to send them to Saint John. The first fleet of 20 transports, bearing 3,000 refugees, reached Saint John May 11, 1783. Before the snow flew another 7,000 Loyalists were disembarked.

Hundreds died in the winter of 1783-84 and the work of chopping trees and building homes was interrupted by daily funeral processions. But by the spring of 1784 there were 276 wooden houses and stores. By the winter of 1784-85 there was a tavern—the Exchange Coffee House—and an inn, the Mallard House.

Benedict Arnold, who had been one of George Washington's trusted generals but had tried to betray him to the British, expected to be received with open arms when he came to Saint John and opened a general store. But the Loyalists couldn't tolerate a traitor. They refused to drink with him at the Exchange Coffee House, burned his effigy in the street, drove him from town with their scorn and ridicule.

The end of the revolution also brought to Saint John Colonel Edmund Fanning, who had led 1,000 guerrilla fighters. He was despised as a sadistic butcher who boasted of the number of victims he had killed.

Just 76 Days to Aussie

In the Exchange Coffee House a huge blacksmith insulted the bantam cock of a colonel. Fanning challenged the blacksmith to a duel. The blacksmith chose broad-bladed axes and picked as the site a frozen cove on the Kennebecasis River. People expected that the towering smithy would finish Fanning with one swipe. Instead the fast tough little man chopped off the blacksmith's toes and left him bleeding and blubbering on the ice.

Since the duel hadn't rid Saint John of Fanning the citizens decided on another method. They trumped up a false charge that he had raped a Negro girl. An obliging judge convicted him

and sentenced him to death, but suspended the sentence when Fanning agreed to depart forever from New Brunswick.

In 1833 the Loyalists celebrated the 50th anniversary of their landing. Saint John then had theatres, newspapers, sawmills, grist mills, shipyards, brickyards, foundries, hotels. Stage-coach roads had been run up the St. John River Valley in one direction, and to Nova Scotia in the other. There was a substantial trade with Great Britain, the West Indies, and the United States.

The forests poured over its wharves as lumber, its shipyards were busy day and night, its windjammers plowed the Seven Seas, steamboats puffed up and down the St. John River, and everything which Saint Johners touched seemed to turn to gold. Saint John was sure it would be one of the great cities of the world.

In 1850 the keel of the 184-foot Marco Polo was laid at Saint John, in Marsh Creek. Although she was designed for freight James Baines, of the Black Ball Line of Australian Packets, bought her and converted her for the passenger trade.

Under James Nicol Forbes, a resolute Scotsman, the Marco Polo carried 930 passengers from Liverpool to Melbourne in 76 days. She returned to Liverpool via the Horn also in 76 days. Shipping circles were astounded by a passage never before equaled. Saint John's shipbuilders were swamped with orders for ships and more ships like the Marco Polo.

By 1867—the year of Confederation—Saint John was a highly diversified industrial centre; her products ranged from teapots to pianos to railway trains. It had a rink, the Victoria, which was one of the wonders of the period, and the biggest and most luxurious hotel in Canada.

Then came the slump. Bravely Saint John rose again after the fire of 1877, but it was never the same. By 1895 the shipyards were silent, or nearly so, many of the factories had

folded up under the strain of central Canadian competition, and unemployed walked the streets.

In the months when the St. Lawrence was closed by ice most of Canada's imports and exports were moving through Portland, Me., or Boston, and the Canadian Government was subsidizing steamship lines which carried Canadian mail from those U. S. ports. Saint Johners dug into their civic treasury to create port facilities for ocean liners and its M.P.s won a fight to have a federal subsidy paid to a steamship company that was willing to take mail from Saint John rather than from Portland or Boston.

Historic and Happy-Go-Lucky

Eventually other lines—among them the Canadian Pacific Steamships—plied to and from Saint John. Deep-water piers were stretched along the waterfront, grain elevators, cargo sheds and the dry dock erected, and Saint John emerged as one of Canada's chief cargo ports.

Today Saint John is reasonably well off. It may be shabby and dilapidated in spots, it has difficult problems, some of its people are now unemployed, and it has not succeeded as yet in attracting many new industrial plants. But it has shaken off an attitude of defeatism which prevailed for years and you can notice a new spirit, a new courage. The upsurge of population which began with World War II is continuing, there are major plans for slum clearance, and there is more new construction in progress than there has been since 1877. Perhaps, after all, Saint John will achieve a great destiny.

For now, though it is neither very big nor very rich, it is pleasant, comfortable, friendly, hospitable, historic, romantic, colorful, leisurely and happy-go-lucky. Yes, and it has its own kind of beauty and dignity. It has grown old gracefully without losing the sparkle of youth. ★

CARTOON CANTOS

By Graham Hunter



Why is it when I travel in
A city where I've never been,
Some stranger with a puzzled face
Will ask me how to get some place?

"Can I help you?"



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THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

The Southams

Continued from page 7

attack on Dieppe. Another (Cargill), in RCMP uniform, helped guard the British delegation at the Quebec conference in 1944. A third (Robert) made the list of 1949's 10 best-dressed Canadians. A fourth (John) is credited with introducing downhill skiing to the Eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains.

There are Hamilton Southams, Toronto Southams, Montreal Southams, Ottawa Southams, Calgary Southams

and Vancouver Southams. Two years ago the Southam Company purchased the Medicine Hat News and it is reasonable to expect that before too long there may be Medicine Hat Southams, for the family has a way of plowing itself back into the business along with the profits.

The Southam Company now employs 14 Southams and in-laws, including one great grandchild. Philip Fisher, its president, a World War I flying hero, is married to the daughter of F. N. Southam, former president.

The family is bewildering in its

intricacy. William Southam, its founder, had seven children, 28 grandchildren and 69 great-grandchildren and there are more on the way. "We're rather like rabbits," says Fred, a third-generation Southam. "We go on and on," says his cousin Cargill, "like Tennyson's brook."

William Waugh Southam of the second generation has compared the family to the British Commonwealth—"loosely knit together but with a whale of a lot of strength." Its printing and publishing business—still largely family owned—includes two of Canada's largest printing plants at Montreal and Toronto which have turned out everything from annual reports and milk bottle caps to \$100 City of Calgary bonds; radio stations CFAC in Calgary, CJCA in Edmonton and CJSH-FM in Hamilton; and the Hamilton Spectator, Ottawa Citizen, Winnipeg Tribune, Calgary Herald, Medicine Hat News, Edmonton Journal and Vancouver Province.

Yet, like Commonwealth nations, these seven papers are virtually autonomous. "Don't call us a chain," says John Bird who heads the Southam Ottawa bureau. "That's a fighting word!" Unlike the Hearst Press in the U. S., which uses identical type faces and syndicated features and runs many machine-made editorials, Southam papers grind no common axe and all look and act quite differently.

Last Federal election, for example, three of the seven papers supported the Liberals, four the Conservatives. One of them, the Edmonton Journal, switched in midstream from Tory to Liberal. In the 1930s when the maverick Ottawa Citizen was praising Social Credit monetary theories its two sister papers in Alberta were smiting the Aberhart Social Credit Government hip and thigh.

Liquor? Alberta No, B. C. Yes

The Citizen almost never uses pictures on page one of its first edition and the Spectator eschews local news on the front page while the Province has a surfeit of both. When the writer took part in a safari to an improbable place called Headless Valley in 1947 some Southam papers bought the resultant series while others ran a series of their own debunking it.

This editorial tolerance carries over to advertising policies. The Province in Vancouver runs liquor ads. The Journal in Edmonton is so dead set against them that it once pulled an ad for a cereal mash from its first edition because it was a brewery by-product. When the Southams purchased the Medicine Hat News they were faced with a ticklish decision which they resolved with tolerance and good humor. The paper had always carried classified ads for rubber contraceptives by mail order. Other Southam papers had always refused these. (Grandfather William turned down patent medicine ads and once angrily thrust the Christmas edition of his Hamilton Spectator from him because one ad portrayed a man's backbone.) The Southams decided in the Medicine Hat instance the ads should remain. They reasoned that in a city that small it might be embarrassing to enter a drugstore and purchase the commodities directly.

This refreshingly independent attitude might be expected from a family whose members are all highly individualistic. Harry Southam, the 75-year-old publisher of the Ottawa Citizen, has been a militant teetotaler for 40 years. But his late brother Richard used to pack a shakerful of cocktails around in his McLaughlin-Buick sedan. Fred Southam, head of the firm until

1944, was a conservative businessman who hated being photographed. His brother Bill, at 73, is an extrovert who was once arrested for holding a cockfight in his drawing-room.

The third-generation Southams differ radically from their respective fathers. The quietest, Peter, is the son of the extrovert, Bill. A big, spectacled engineering graduate of sensational reticence he prefers woodworking or gardening to cockfighting. Indeed, he once grew corn on the boulevard in front of his home in Vancouver's swank Shaughnessy Heights. Some reckon him as heir-apparent to the Southam throne.

At Weddings and Funerals

On the other hand, the liveliest young Southam is John, publisher of the Calgary Herald, whose father, Wilson, was the quietest and mildest of his generation. Wilson disliked large parties. John is big and gregarious. An artillery officer in World War II he was the Second Canadian Infantry Division's first casualty after D-Day. He was so delighted to learn that his outfit was going into action that he executed a wild Cossack dance which threw out a cartilage and rendered him temporarily *hors de combat*.

The original William Southam was a staunch Anglican. His son Wilson switched to Christian Science. His son Hamilton switched back to become a high-church Anglican. William was a rabid Conservative and protectionist. But Wilson became an equally rabid monetary reformist and free trader. His sons weren't impressed. John, for example, is a Conservative today and runs his Calgary newspaper that way.

But the family does share certain characteristics not the least of which is a strong family feeling. The Southams hold no clan reunions, possibly because it would require a convention floor to accommodate them all, and they have a saying that "we only get together at weddings and funerals." Nonetheless there are ties that bind.

The feeling was well expressed some years ago by the late Fred Southam when he was president of the company. Leaning out of the Hamilton Spectator window he saw the 6-foot-4 figure of his brother Bill striding down the street, mischief in his eye. Bill had given his elder brother many a sleepless night. His escapades had included turning in the fire alarm at his own home when he grew lonely and pouring drinks for firemen who arrived on the scene. "There he goes," said Fred sadly. Then in a burst of emotion to an acquaintance: "Look at him! How could you help loving him?"

The Southam men have always been big, husky and handsome. Young Gordon, now production manager of the Vancouver Province, once turned down a screen test proffered by director Mervyn Le Roy, of Hollywood. His uncle Wilson, the sickliest of the Southams, was able to win a wood-chopping contest in frontier Alberta in 1888 and lived to 78. Wilson's brothers were champion athletes. The first Gordon once kicked a record 60-yard drop kick for the Hamilton Tigers in the last 15 seconds of play. His brother Harry was a halfback on the Ottawa Roughriders when they won the championship in 1898.

Most of the elder Southams persisted in walking to work, though all of them had limousines and chauffeurs. Grandfather William, almost until his death at 88, walked for an hour every day. "Automobiles," he used to say, "are for ladies and invalids." This characteristic has been modified in the third generation. Gordon in Vancouver was



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so attached to his Buick convertible that he sometimes had it washed twice a day and shipped it all the way to Halifax when he joined the Navy.

Grandfather William was a self-made man in an age of self-made men. With his bland face and patriarchal white beard he looked like Andrew Carnegie, the symbol of that happy era when income taxes were unknown and enterprise ran free. His career follows the prescribed pattern of the times: immigrant parents, widowed mother, boy selling papers to support family, finally emerging as wise patriarch, philanthropist, revered by all, God-fearing, stern but fair, saintly but practical.

Down Payment of \$10 Millions

The Southams have been accelerating financially ever since William supplied the initial shove, and nowadays the blue chips fall around them like rain. When William's eldest son Wilson reached 16 William was still too poor to send him to college and Wilson had to get a job. But when Wilson died in 1947 he left a million and a half dollars. In spite of a strike on five of its papers the company's profits have been increasing steadily for years (and have almost doubled in the last five).

Many of the younger Southams have married in the high brackets. One granddaughter married John McColl, of the McColl-Frontenac McColls. One grandson married Jean MacMillan, of the H. R. MacMillans. Another granddaughter married a struggling young lawyer named Eric Harvie in Calgary. Harvie accepted as legal fees from a bankrupt land company mineral rights around a place called Redwater. His first down payment from Imperial Oil has been reckoned at \$10 millions. Now he's figured to be Canada's richest man.

Whether or not William would have approved of this is a moot point. He was sometimes heard to remark that his sons were making too much money. When he was older and had retired from business and his memory was failing his sons used to bring him a monthly statement of the profits. William always thought of this as an annual statement. He couldn't understand that much being made in one month.

He was born in 1843 and his parents were traditionally poor but honest. They were on their way from Northumberland to London, Ont., but they stopped off at Lachine, Que., to have William. Some years and five children later his father died and William, aged 12, went to work to support the family selling the London Free Press (circ. 500) at a York shilling (12½ cents) a week. He soon wangled an apprenticeship in the printing shop, rose to foreman and by the time he was 24 was able to buy a quarter interest in the paper. Years later, when he had severed these early connections, he bought back this quarter interest for sentimental reasons and the company still has it.

William educated himself by reading his way through the entire stock of books in the Mechanics Institute. In another 10 years he'd saved \$1,000 and, together with bookseller William Carey, who had an equal sum, sunk it into the bankrupt Hamilton Spectator. The Spec was a Tory party sheet and the two raised the rest of the capital from party members, prudently tacking on an option to buy back the stock at the original price. Before long they owned it outright. Carey died and ultimately the business passed entirely into Southam hands. It made money and has been the stake horse of the company ever since.

The newspaper became one of many Southam interests. William founded one company which later became the Steel Corporation of Canada and another which became Canada Steamships Ltd. As part of a newspaper campaign for pure milk he founded the Pure Milk Co. and made money out of that, too. One of his interests was the Baynes Carriage Co. When motor cars first made their appearance Baynes thought they were a passing fancy and insisted on making carriages as usual. William was so angry at this hurdle in the pathway of progress that he sold out.

William was a great believer in mechanical advancement. In the early days the Spectator had only one typewriter, in the business office. Reporters used longhand. One day William was standing in the doorway looking at the street when a reporter brushed by him, knocking him down. The reporter hopped on a bicycle, dashed to the railway tracks, identified a corpse, dashed back to the office, again brushed past Southam who was dusting himself off, knocked him down again. The reporter rushed into the business office, pecked out his story on the lone typewriter, ripped the paper from the carriage and, in shoving his chair back, again knocked down Southam who had come in curious to watch. The next day William had the typewriter moved into the editorial office for the reporter's use and gave orders that anyone else smart enough to operate one of the new contrivances could have one.

"Forget That He's my Son"

Most of William's sons, five of whom are shown in the photograph on page 7, began on the Spec. When William put his son Fred in as foreman of the Spec's job plant he told co-workers: "When he takes his coat off forget he's my son." Of younger son Gordon, who went into the business office, he used to say: "Let him have his own way about things that don't cost too much." As the sons branched out, so did the company.

In 1877 William sent his third son, Richard, to Toronto to take over the old Toronto Mail job printing plant. This eventually became Southam Press, Toronto, and Richard was manager until his death in 1937.

In 1883 second son Fred left the Spectator and, with \$1,200 and an old press, moved his father's ticket-printing plant to Montreal. Before long business-minded Fred had shoved the value up to \$12,000. Fred eventually became president of the Southam Company until his death in 1944 and was succeeded by his son-in-law.

In 1897 eldest son Wilson, who had been out West for his health, took over the newly acquired Ottawa Citizen. A year later fourth son, Harry, joined him. Wilson died in 1947. Harry is still publisher of the Citizen.

Fifth son Bill stayed on at the Spectator and eventually became publisher until his retirement in 1930. He still lives in Hamilton.

Sixth son Gordon worked in the Spec business office, went off to World War I and was killed in action on the Somme in 1916. By an unfortunate quirk of fate his father read about his death on the Spectator's bulletin board. He never quite recovered from the blow.

At one point, when his sons had all been placed, William Sr. bought the Lethbridge News and turned it over to one of his editors, John Woddell. "You're like a son to me," Southam told him. But the News, a morning paper, failed.

William's only daughter, Ethel, now Mrs. St. Clair Balfour, lives in Hamil-

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ton. Her son, St. Clair Balfour, Jr., is assistant to the publisher of the Spectator, F. I. Ker, who married one of Fred Southam's daughters. Ker's son, David, manages the Spectator's radio station. Nepotism among the Southams is not a failing, it is a duty.

Today, the oldest living member of the family is William's fourth son, Harry, who at 75 still publishes the Ottawa Citizen, a paper he started with 52 years ago. The refusal of the Southams to conform to any set pattern had its beginnings in the days when Harry and his elder brother Wilson startled their Conservative father by becoming Liberal free traders and single taxers and changing the politics of their newspaper to the point where William himself wouldn't read it.

Harry's political extremism has lost him friends. His public good works, which are often just as extreme, have made him others. A broad streak of philanthropy runs through the Southam family and manifests itself in various ways. Bill often gives \$100 bills to taxi drivers and street fiddlers. Fred used to clip \$25 to Christmas cards which he sent each year to winners of the Southam scholarships at Upper Canada College. When Wilson liked anybody he sent them regular presents of maple syrup. (Bill Forst, a Vancouver Province office boy, used to get these. In 1923 Wilson prophesied that Forst would some day be managing editor. Last year Forst got the job.)

Quite a Mass of Massons

Harry's philanthropy centres around the arts and includes the Ottawa Philharmonic and the Canadian Repertory Theatre. His most spectacular ventures have been in painting. A former chairman of the National Gallery he has collected everything from Poussin to Picasso. In the 20s he collected Group of Seven originals. Then he switched to French art. Then he switched again to Canadian moderns.

His espousment of Henri Masson, the Canadian painter, is legend. Masson, a silver engraver, met him 10 years ago when Southam, benign and white-haired, made daily forays to his first one-man show. Five years later Southam said to him: "Why don't you go off the deep end and just paint? I'll back you." Masson did so and Southam has bought several hundred of his pictures which range from \$35 to \$300.

Southam finds himself surrounded by Massons. The robin's-egg-blue walls of the Citizen's business office are jammed with about three dozen of them. The rest of the building looks like a picture gallery devoted to Masson's bright landscapes with here and there an occasional abstract by another Canadian painter. Southam has 50 Massons in his own home, has given a dozen each to the Universities of Toronto and Queen's and has sent others to galleries in London, Hamilton and Vancouver. His immediate relatives have walls covered with Massons. His sons don't share his passion for art. Bob, managing editor of the Citizen, says, "To me they're just colorful pieces on the wall, but they're nice to have around."

Masson, understandably enough, looks on his patron as a kind of saint. "He is a second father to me," the painter says. "This man has done more for Canadian culture than anybody else."

At 75, Harry Stevenson Southam still has the hale, robust Southam look. He is well liked in rumor-mad Ottawa, partly because he is a man who refuses to listen to gossip about anyone. He was once told a malicious story about Mackenzie King which he accepted as

true until, years later, he learned that it was part of a whispering campaign. Since then he has not listened to whispers.

He comes to his office daily and in the winter his almost cherubic face can be seen half hidden behind a huge bronze humidifier which spits jets of steam into the air, locking, as one friend put it, "like a great white god presiding over some tribal rite." He likes to slip off to the National Art Gallery daily and goes home for tea

punctually at 4. He hates crowds and smoke and has his hair clipped regularly each Thursday with a set of barbering tools he supplied to his barber. "I just revel in living in a rut," Harry Southam is fond of saying.

This is a gross misstatement. Most of the members of the divers Southam clan have led singularly unrutlike lives and Harry Southam is no exception. Today, after 52 years on the Citizen, he still clings firmly to the opinions

Continued on page 66

CANADIAN ECDOTE



"Extraordinary Marriage at St. Martin's"—Illustrated London News, 1871.

The Nova Scotia Giantess

IN THE YEAR 1852 a baby girl was born in the farming district of New Annan, Colchester County, N.S., a birth that set the community agog with excitement. This baby, third child to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Swan, weighed 18 pounds at birth.

The child was named Anne Haining Swan, she was the third of 13 children and the only one not of normal size and weight. When she was 4 she was four feet six inches tall. At 6 she was taller than her mother. At 11 she towered above her father. At 17 Anne Swan had her full growth—seven feet six inches and 350 pounds.

When Anne was 14 she received an invitation from P. T. Barnum to join his New York show, but the conservative Swan family did not approve. Barnum continued his efforts, offering to educate the young giantess and pay her \$1,000 a month, and finally the family consented. By then she was sleeping in a bed many feet too short for her, was forced to stoop entering doors and was handicapped and embarrassed at school by her size.

Barnum first billed her "The Biggest Modern Woman of the World" and exaggerated her height to eight feet, her weight to 509 pounds.

Despite her size Anne was an attractive and graceful woman, with auburn hair and unusually white skin. Romance came into her life when she met Capt. Martin Van Buren Bates, of Kentucky—a fellow performer at Barnum's. Capt. Bates, a dashing giant, wooed her and won her and led her to the altar at St. Martin's, Trafalgar Square, London, in 1871. Among the attendants were the Negro girls, Christine and Millie, Siamese twins, also star attractions under Barnum's big top.

The giant bride and groom made a command appearance before Queen Victoria, who gave Anne a gold watch, now owned by a nephew, Leonard Swan, of New Annan.

Anne Swan and her husband built a home for themselves in Seville, Ohio, with nine-foot-high doors and 14-foot ceilings. They had two children: a girl weighing 18 pounds at birth and a boy of 22½ pounds. Neither lived more than a day.

The day after her 36th birthday Anne Swan died. She is buried in Seville and over her grave stands a life-size statue of the Nova Scotia girl who became, as P. T. Barnum once billed her, "The Only Giantess in the World."—Roland H. Sherwood.

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Continued from page 64

which have made some fellow publishers refer to it as "that screwy paper in Ottawa."

When Harry and his late brother, Wilson, took over the Citizen it was, in Harry's words, "a narrow bigoted Tory organ." It was Harry who took the initiative in leading it down half a dozen political primrose paths. "I was the nigger in the woodpile," he says today, a little proudly. Besides single tax and free trade Harry and his late brother espoused calendar reform, woman suffrage, proportional representation, antivivisection, a distinctive flag for Canada, a Canadian governor-general, social credit and Christian Science.

Between the two brothers (Wilson died in 1947) there grew up a remarkable affiliation. They built adjoining homes, walked three miles to work together, took summer cottages together, lunched together. Their ideas, which were at odds with the rest of the family, were identical.

The deviation from the family pattern began when their mother took the two boys to England. Her cousin, a Liberal M.P., talked free trade to them, took them to tea with Lloyd George and Asquith and gave them some literature. On the way back the boys read the life of Henry George, the single taxer, and promptly tried to win their father over to new causes. He admitted the logic of their arguments but refused to be moved.

Strong convictions were more than once embarrassing for Harry and Wilson Southam. Wilson's father-in-law was Henry Cargill, a leading Tory M.P. When the brothers took the almost unheard-of step of writing to Sir Robert Borden to announce they would no longer run the Citizen as a Tory party paper there was puzzlement and dismay in the tight social circle in which they moved. In those days

newspapers thrived on political patronage. "What's the matter with the Citizen?" people asked. "Isn't it getting enough?"

Harry Southam's father-in-law was Thomas Ahearn, president of the Ottawa Electric Railway. This didn't prevent Harry from carrying on an aggressive campaign for public ownership of the company in the Citizen. The city took over Ahearn's company in 1948.

They Preached for Douglas

On another occasion Harry's brother-in-law, Frank Ahearn, owner of the now defunct Ottawa Senators (a pro team), sued the Citizen for libel for suggesting that professional hockey teams were dividing the good players among themselves on a strictly cash basis. The Southams, who have always believed blood to be thicker than printer's ink, didn't fight the suit and paid damages of \$1 and costs of \$6,000. Next year when Ahearn ran for parliament as a Liberal the paper supported him.

When the paper fought an unpopular campaign for a new water system for Ottawa, some Rideau Club members were so incensed that they cut the Southam brothers dead. Years later the Citizen's plan was adopted, but by then everyone had forgotten that the paper had championed this cause.

Harry Southam became a Christian Scientist 40 years ago when, bothered by a chronic stomach disorder and a liking for strong liquor, he sought out a healer in New York. He quickly converted his brother and since 1905 has never had a drink, taken medicine or seen a doctor. At first he was too embarrassed to openly announce his new faith, but when a church was built in Ottawa in 1915 he and Wilson began attending regularly. "I think it made my brothers quite saintly," remarks

Maclean's Magazine, June 15, 1950

their sister, Mrs. St. Clair Balfour.

In 1923 the brothers went off on a new political tack when they brought Major C. H. Douglas, the high priest of social credit, over from Britain to address a committee of the Canadian House of Commons. Both brothers believed that Douglas' system was the only way to save capitalism. "We hung onto it and we preached it," says Harry Southam proudly. This caused more than one heated, but friendly, discussion in the family circle. "We're like a bunch of people in a canoe going over Niagara," Harry would say to his more conservative brother Fred, in predicting an imminent depression. Fred just shook his head.

A Citizen on a New Tack

Douglas and his associates exchanged visits with the Southams. One acquaintance remembers running into Harry in Waterloo station just after Southam had left Douglas' company to catch a train. "Too bad, too bad," Southam was saying, his eyes glowing. "In another half hour he'd have told me the secret of it all."

Today his paper no longer espouses the causes which Harry Southam still holds dear to his heart. Under its new editor, Charles Woodsworth, son of the late founder of the CCF party, it is again off on a new tack. Woodsworth, indeed, is a graduate of the London School of Economics, long under attack by Southam's friend Major Douglas. Perhaps Harry remembers how his stern old father once gave him and his brother free rein. Often he disagrees with his editors but he lets them have their own way.

"Only sometimes," one of them remarked not long ago, "he thinks we're a bit too cautious." ★

(This is the first of three articles on the Southam family and its newspapers.)

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

has to spend six months away from home with nothing interesting to do. Up to now, all the steps taken to correct this situation have cost a lot of money and helped only a handful of people—for instance, creation of parliamentary assistants to the cabinet ministers. Maybe the Dorion plan is worth thinking about.

One backbencher entered into a well-earned reward is Gordon Isnor, the new senator from Nova Scotia.

Gordon had been in the House of Commons since 1935 and he seldom, if ever, made any headlines. He never pretended to be a statesman, but he was a cracking good politician who kept a big shifting urban riding in the hollow of his hand. In the Commons chamber the Government didn't seem to notice him much but it was very glad to have him around on election day.

If loyalty and political security had been the tests (as they often have been in other cases) Gordon Isnor would have got the Nova Scotia cabinet post when J. L. Ilsley retired. It went instead to Bob Winters, the able young Minister of Resources and Development who's become one of the Liberal Party's rising stars. Isnor didn't complain, didn't sulk; he worked just as hard to deliver Halifax to the Grits in 1949 as he had for 15 years. But nobody was surprised, this year, when he was appointed to the Valhalla of

all good political warriors. The Senate may not be as glamorous as Cabinet, but it's delightfully permanent.

Next week George Nowlan, president of the National Progressive Conservative Association, gets another crack at the Annapolis Valley seat of which a malignantly Liberal fate cheated him last year.

Nowlan first sprang into national fame when he won a by-election in December, 1948, capturing J. L. Ilsley's old riding which had been continuously Liberal for nearly 25 years.

Last June 27 one of the first tip-offs of the Liberal landslide was the close race in Annapolis-Kings. Nowlan was reported beaten. Later in the evening he was reported victor by a narrow margin. Next day the final score went up—Nowlan was defeated by four votes.

On civilian returns alone he had won by about 60, but the RCAF station in his county voted Liberal two to one. Their 200 votes were just enough to beat him. Then it turned out that of the 200 RCAF men on the station, only 63 had a right to vote in that riding. It was impossible, of course, to tell which 63 ballots were the legal ones.

Nowlan argued that the court should give him the election. After all, his civilian majority had been 59 and his opponent's over-all majority was only four. If even three of those 63 airmen had voted Progressive Conservative victory was his; surely it was a logical inference that the 63 good ballots weren't all Liberal. The court disagreed—there was no way of telling which ballots were which. The only

thing to do was hold the election over again.

Around Ottawa the betting seems to be on Nowlan to win this time. Liberals are not fanatically bent on adding one more to their colossal majority—many of them admit, privately, that a stronger Opposition would be good for this Parliament and for Canada. Also, they like Nowlan personally.

For the PCs, on the other hand, the election is crucial; the party's prestige is at stake. Plain George Nowlan has already shown he could win the seat unaided; it would be a sad blow if PC President Nowlan were defeated.

Also, it's important to the party that its national president should be an M.P. located in Ottawa. Sitting in on the parliamentary caucus, working full time at politics (and incidentally traveling on an M.P.'s free railway pass), he can work far more effectively than if he's practicing law for a living down in Wolfville, N.S.

Win or lose, of course, Nowlan is still PC president and expected to do a good job. He has several points of resemblance with his predecessor, J. M. Macdonnell, of Toronto. Both are six feet four inches tall; both were artillerymen in World War I (Macdonnell was a major, Nowlan a gunner); both have almost as many friends in other parties as in their own. Nowlan went to law school with Senator Gordon Fogo, president of the National Liberal Federation, and played on the same Dalhousie football team as Angus L. Macdonald, the Liberal Premier of Nova Scotia; he's on the warmest personal terms with both of them.

In other ways, though, he'll be a

different kind of national president. The party wanted to hire him as national organizer last fall; Nowlan turned the job down, but his talents as an organizer won't be wasted in his present honorary post. And, by common consent, a good practical organizer is what the PC's need most.

* * *

When the Liberals came back last year with the biggest majority in history everybody assumed they could do what they liked in Parliament. Yet for two whole sessions the Government and its myriad backers had to sit by helplessly while a tiny opposition—not even the whole Opposition, for Social Credit took no part—held the Grit steamroller to a standstill.

How? And still more important, why?

The "how" is simple enough. The bill to incorporate the Alberta Natural Gas Company was a private bill; under House rules it could be debated only on certain days at certain hours. For its own measures the Government can, and usually does, get the rules suspended to give priority to Government bills. It can't do this for a private company's bill. Conservatives and CCF-ers, few as they are, have been numerous enough to talk the thing out day after day, week after week.

The "why" is not so simple. Of the five pipe-line companies that did get charters last year, one—the Westcoast Transmission Company—is interested in piping natural gas from Alberta to Vancouver. So is the Alberta Natural Gas Company, whose application for a similar charter was delayed for two sessions by the filibuster. In both cases the charter itself (the one Westcoast Transmission already has, and the one Alberta Natural Gas wanted) provides for the building of pipe lines in both Canada and the United States. It must, for everyone agrees that eventually the gas must be sold in the U. S. or there won't be enough market to pay for the line.

The argument is whether to pipe gas straight into the U. S. from Alberta, with a line running up to serve Vancouver; or to take the pipe line through the interior of British Columbia and thus bring cheap gas to a lot of little B. C. towns. Westcoast Transmission proposes the latter course; its chosen route runs from Edmonton through the Yellowhead Pass to serve Kamloops, the Okanagan Valley and other Canadian centres.

Privately, C. D. Howe will assure you that both Alberta Natural Gas and Westcoast will be required to build through Canada, that the Board of Transport Commissioners won't approve any other route and that even if they did the Government won't give an export license to any other route. Up to this moment, though, he hasn't

made that statement in the House of Commons. Alberta Natural Gas itself admits quite frankly it will build through B. C. if it's ordered to do so, but through Washington State if it can.

On both sides, bitterness and slander have reached new heights, or depths. Each side accused the other of lying, concealing the truth, and accepting bribes. The "pro" group, which includes most of the Liberal majority, called the filibuster just a stall to give Westcoast Transmission a monopoly and make its franchise worth that much more money. The "anti" group said the Government has made a sinister deal with American interests to sell out British Columbia in return for (a) campaign fund contributions, or (b) cheap American gas for industrial Ontario.

Both sets of charges are irresponsible and false, so far as anyone has been able to prove. There may be, and probably are, interested parties on both sides, but anyone who tried to bribe Ralph Maybank, who sponsored the Alberta Natural Gas bill, or Howard Green, who led the opposition to it, would be thrown out bodily from the fifth floor of Parliament Buildings.

In fact, neither Maybank nor the Government cared particularly whether the Alberta Natural Gas Company was incorporated or not. Maybank sponsored the bill as a favor to Ralph Campney, Vancouver Liberal M.P., who couldn't sponsor it himself because he is, or was until recently, personally interested in the company.

"My big mistake was saying 'yes' too quickly," Maybank says. "It's like when a man comes up to you in the railway station and asks you to hold his baby for a minute. He goes away. The baby starts to yell, but what can you do? You're stuck with it."

Prime Minister St. Laurent told the Liberal caucus he didn't care whether they voted for or against the bill—they could do as they liked. He has fought the filibuster to a finish for one reason only: the Government stipulated in the Pipe Lines Act it passed last year that pipe-line companies must come to Parliament for their charters. Having made that stipulation he thinks any company is entitled to an answer from Parliament—yes or no.

But even if the Government is rated victorious the filibuster has won its essential point. No company is likely, now, to get permission to by-pass the interior of B. C. with a gas line to Vancouver.

Gordon Wismer, Liberal Attorney-General of B. C., was in Ottawa a few weeks ago and told the Government flatly: "If you let that gas go outside Canada before it gets to the Coast, the Liberal Party is sunk in British Columbia." Whatever Howe might personally prefer that warning isn't likely to be ignored. ★

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Cross Country

NEWFOUNDLAND

NEWFOUNDLAND'S favorite radio show is a unique mixture of straight news, weather lore, fishing reports and personal messages. It goes by the name of the Gerald S. Doyle Bulletin, and twice a day—1.45 and 7.45—it attracts an estimated 85% of Newfoundland listeners to their loudspeakers. All work ceases on the fishing grounds and in the villages, and woe betide anyone who interrupts the program.

Gerald S. Doyle, the sponsor, is the patent medicine king of Newfoundland, a wealthy, yacht-owning St. John's businessman who distributes medicines to the whole province.

A typical Bulletin will give a brief roundup of provincial news, then spend the rest of the time on movements of coastal steamers, weather and ice reports, bulletins on patients in hospitals all over Newfoundland and personal messages from fishermen and loggers to their families at home.

Here are some typical items:

"We regret to inform George Bragg, of the fishing schooner Daisy, that his mother is very ill."

"John Meadus, of Joe Batts Arm, arrived at the General Hospital in St. John's today and wishes to inform his parents that he is resting comfortably and expects to have his operation soon."

"Mrs. George Moores wishes to tell her husband at Hopedale, Labrador, that her baby was born last night. It's a boy. Mother and baby doing well."

"To the people of Cook's Harbor: Keep a sharp lookout for the crew of the freighter Princess Pat believed to have gone ashore in that vicinity last night."

"To Mrs. Bob Elliott: Have patient stay in bed, drink plenty of water. When weather improves send boat to St. Anthony for medicine."

The last message was relayed at the request of a Grenfell Mission doctor at St. Anthony and helped stop a flu outbreak in a small fishing village. Doyle accepts any messages sent in, so long as they are signed, are not obviously faked and carry no advertising.

THE MARITIMES

Blight is the curse of the potato grower. It's a disease which costs farmers millions every year (\$3 millions in the Maritimes alone). A century ago it turned Ireland's great potato harvests into "a waste of putrefied vegetation," brought on a famine which took a million lives.

The federal Department of Agriculture's experimental farm at Fredericton, N.B., appears to have licked blight, with two new varieties of potatoes, so new they are known only by numbers, F-391 and F-431. They were developed by crossing a wild blight-free Mexican potato, *Solanum demissum*, with commercial varieties. *Solanum demissum* has pea-sized tubers and a brilliant purple and gold blossom with a heavy exotic fragrance. The new varieties have a high yield but they keep the wild blossom. As they spread in use potato fields should look and smell like flower gardens.

QUEBEC

After 18 years on the shores of the Arctic Ocean an ageing bearded missionary last month took a look at civilization, as represented by Montreal, and decided he'd return to the Eskimos and stay there until he dies.

The missionary is Father Henri, a French-born Oblate, now stationed at Thom Bay, on Boothia Peninsula, not far from where the Magnetic Pole used to be. There he lives in an igloo, gets mail once a year. Life is strenuous and dangerous.

But the hustle and bustle of a modern city? No thank you; Father Henri prefers the cold, lonely shores of Thom Bay.

ONTARIO

Do you want to "relive those sacred breath-taking moments" of your wedding via wedding recordings? In Toronto it's the newest thing: they plant three microphones in the church, put the proceedings on tape, edit them and transcribe them to unbreakable aluminum discs (playing time, 20 minutes). During the editing a description of the gowns, bouquets, etc., is dubbed in. The whole business, in a white leatherette album—with your name engraved in gold—completely "commentated," comes to \$40. If you want to shoot the works and get full photo coverage, too, it all costs \$150.

The wedding on records was the idea of Albert Gilbert, a 26-year-old commercial photographer. He'd been taking wedding pictures inside the church, when he could, but he found many ministers objected to picture-taking. "How can I get the point of the ceremony across with flashbulbs popping in my face?" one clergyman wanted to know.

Gilbert found that ministers didn't object to microphones so he started taping weddings. But how to fill in the pauses? That's where the commentator comes in. He doesn't go to the wedding—the technician takes copious notes which are worked into a standard script. The commentator has to be able

Maclean's Magazine, June 15, 1950

to ad lib to bring a short ceremony up to the 20-minute playing time.

Gilbert's commentator is Joe Crystdale, a sports broadcaster. It doesn't bother Joe that he hasn't seen the wedding; his specialty is describing hockey and baseball games he isn't seeing, based on play-by-play ticker tape reports. In a busy 30 minutes he can knock off the commentating for five weddings.

THE PRAIRIES

The Saskatchewan Government runs its own insurance business, which last year showed a profit of \$205,000. So there was some surprise when the Legislature learned that almost \$9 millions worth of government buildings, including the legislative building and the insurance building itself, were not insured against fire.

Saskatchewan also owns a bus line and a printing office. Surprise turned to astonishment when it was revealed the bus line ordered its timetables from a printer in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

There were explanations for both cases. The Provincial Treasurer, C. M. Fines, agreed that the buildings should be insured but didn't like to see all that money spent each year on premiums. And the American printer, who publishes an international guide to bus travel, keeps all the bus routes in type and can deliver timetables about six times as fast and three times as cheap as the Government's own print shop.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

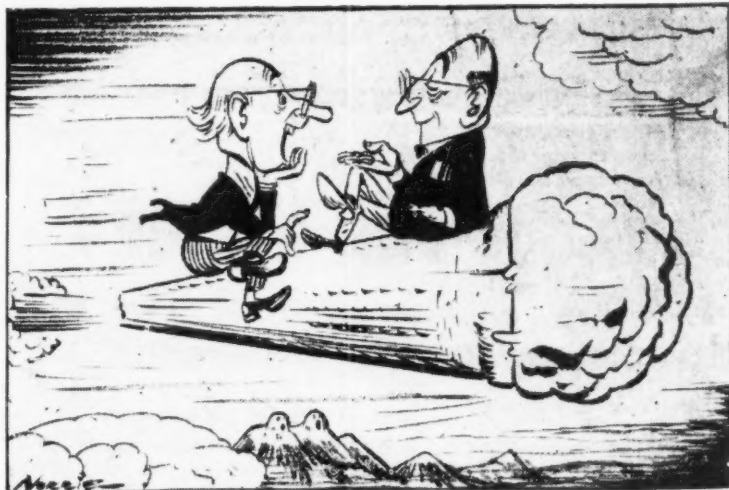
The silly season opened officially in Vancouver one day toward the end of April when a gigantic "flying ice-cream cone" was seen soaring across the southwestern sky.

Newspaper offices were flooded for hours by phone calls from startled citizens who had seen the strange flying cone, described as a "cloudlike elongated teardrop of the same color and consistency as light clouds or vapor."

The Vancouver Sun plastered the story all over page one under a banner line: "Flying Ice-Cream Cone Puzzle To Local Aeronautical Experts."

The experts were indeed puzzled. Even the superintendent of Vancouver's International Airport, F. V. Magar, was mystified. It was he who dubbed the strange object "a flying ice-cream cone."

Next day the flying ice-cream cone melted into an airplane—a U. S. B-60 Superfort bomber on a secret high-altitude test from Seattle. Vancouver went back to talking about the weather, which had been uncommonly bad. ★



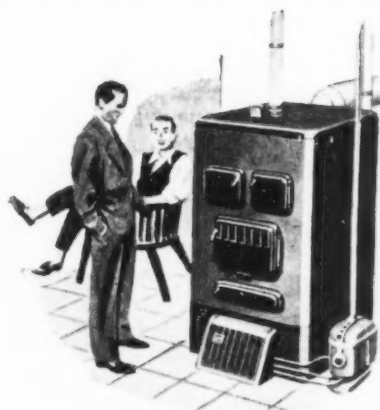
A flying cone visits B. C. "Frankly, Professor, I didn't think it would work."

"We're going out
—but the furnace won't!"

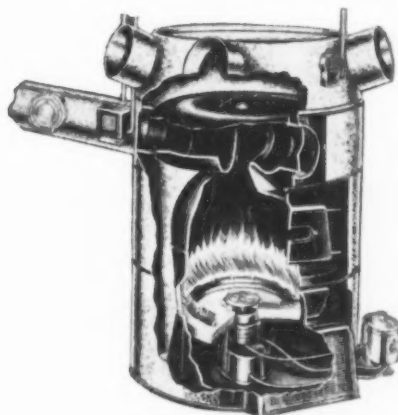


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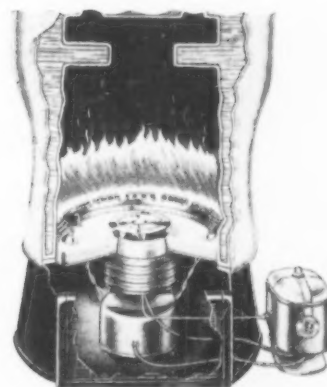
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Praises Hanrahan, Blames the "Puritans"

YOU ARE to be congratulated for giving Magistrate Hanrahan the tribute and publicity he so apparently richly deserves ("He Blew the Whistle on Windsor Vice," May 1). To me the most important statement in the article is his own: "A very real danger exists in a well-established affinity between flagrant violation of any law creating large illegal profits and official corruption."

It is our (U. S. style) unreasonable prohibitory laws, impossible of enforcement while human beings remain human, that create the opportunity for large illegal profits and inevitable political corruption. This puritanical influence is the source of nearly all the important public evils on this continent.—W. Kent Power, Calgary.

Travel Tip Taken

Would you congratulate one of your authors for me. He is Ross Anderson, author of "I Saw Europe on \$190" (May 15, 1949). Using his article as a guide, I hitchhiked around the Maritimes last summer. My trip was so successful that I intend going to the west coast this year by the same means. If it hadn't been for that article I would probably have missed the most interesting experience of my life.—Boyd Landry, Ottawa.

Using his tried-and-true travel formula wanderer Anderson is off this summer to Australia as nursemaid to five bulls.—The Editors.

The Appetizer

Congratulations on your cover picture for May 1! Even the frog looks out happily and hopefully. Usually you publish the best magazine in Canada with the worst cover picture. Don't spoil the page with those crude,



bizarre splotches and give one a bad taste before sitting down to a tasty, delicious, interesting meal inside the covers.—Rev. J. W. A. Nicholson, Halifax.

Confirms Hutchison

I have read, and have induced many others to read, your great article by Bruce Hutchison on "Why We Are Losing the Cold War" (May 1). Four months in Europe last year has enabled

me to appreciate what he says. I came back convinced that we were all in what this article refers to as the "largest crisis so far in the history of human freedom."—E. B. Reynolds, Ottawa.

Do Ministers Get Mad?

We enjoyed your article "She's Bossed 12,000 Brides" (May 1) telling of Miss Claire Dreier directing weddings. But her reference to the "irate clergyman" is shocking. Do clergy-



men get that way? . . . Poor preacher! Give us people who are willing to co-operate and we will not be so hard.—Claude Troupe Olmstead, Minister, Caledonia, N.S.

Disastrous Advice

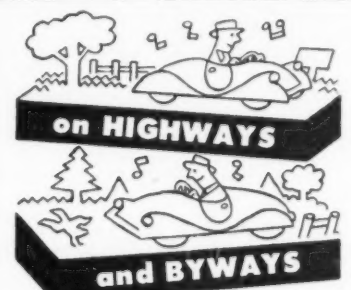
I must express the opinion that the writer of "Exercise Is the Bunk—Relax" (April 15) does not know much about the subject. It is not only negative, but practically suggests against exercise, which would be disastrous to the only real asset our nation possesses, namely her people.—Frank E. Dorchester, Vancouver.

Kate Aitken Corrects

May I thank you for the breezy Gordon Sinclair article on my work (April 15). Judging from comments to me everyone in Canada reads Maclean's.

However, I should like to correct three or four statements. Tamblin's has 82 stores in Ontario, not 60 as in your article. Also I do not work all day Sunday, and I go to church at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.

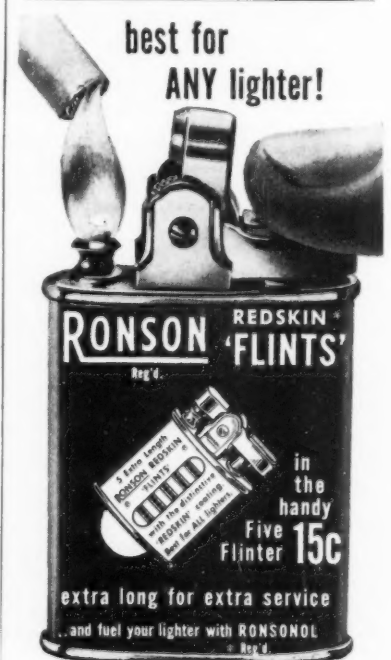
World traveler Sinclair was mistaken as to my hasty departure from Shanghai . . . The Chiang Kai-shek salvage army of 10,000 was routed through Shanghai to Canton. On January 26, to facilitate progress through the main streets of Shanghai, all streets and buildings were sealed, including the Cathay Hotel. To escape that sealing up I left Shanghai hurriedly. With no taxis available I went by rickshaw from the Cathay Hotel to the airport, a distance of 11 miles, not a half day's journey. In fact we made it in exactly two hours and 15 minutes. As Sinclair says, Communist armies did not arrive for months later.—Kate Aitken, Toronto.



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WIT AND WISDOM

Latin in Easy Dozes? — The originator of an ingenious phonograph device says it is possible to learn languages while sleeping. We can only say this was not our experience in Latin I.—*Calgary Herald*.

Postwar Upheaval — Another drawback to the atomic bomb is that it would be exceedingly dangerous to try to beat it into plowshares.—*Kitchener-Waterloo Record*.

Home Away From Home Away From Home—Men are never satisfied. They're always looking for home atmosphere in hotels and hotel service at home.—*St. Catharines Standard*.

The Bottom Drops Out—A recession is a period in which you tighten your belt. In a depression you have no belt to tighten. And when you have no pants left to hold up, it's a panic.—*Nokomis, Sask., Times*.

Not Blind, Just Cross-Eyed—The reason Cupid makes so many bad shots is that so often he is shooting at the heart while looking at the hosiery.—*Galt Reporter*.

Impatience For Success — Everything comes to him who waits just so long.—*Calgary Herald*.

Out of His District—The little girl was moving from California to Boston with her parents, and was greatly excited. The night before the departure, saying her prayers as usual she finished off with, "God bless mommy and daddy and my little brother Tommy; and this is good-by, God—we're moving to Boston tomorrow."—*Owen Sound Sun-Times*.

What, Indeed!—"I just can't figger what got into her," said the old farmer, as they lugged his wife away to the insane asylum in a strait-jacket. "She ain't been outa the kitchen in 30 years."—*Calgary Albertan*.

Sporting Chance—The church service was proceeding very nicely when a woman in the gallery got so interested that she leaned out too far and fell over the railing. Her dress caught in a chandelier, and she was suspended in mid-air. The minister noticed her undignified position and thundered: "Any person in this congregation who turns around will be struck stone-blind."

A man, whose curiosity was getting the better of him, but who dreaded the clergyman's warning, finally turned to his companion and said: "I'm going to risk one eye."—*Charlottetown Guardian*.

JASPER

By Simpkins



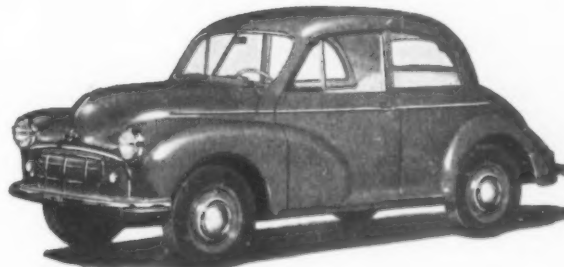
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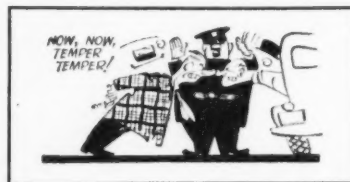
Remembered by their service



PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

THERE was a tense little scene at a Toronto rush-hour intersection recently when a car easing gently forward for a right turn on a red light twice nudged an indecisive pedestrian who had started across with the green light but timidly hesitated halfway. At each nudge the car's fender left a dusty smear on the pedestrian's coat and a jagged rent in the pedestrian's temper until finally he stepped over to the door and made to yank it open. When he yanked the handle right off



it was the motorist's turn to become outraged. Casting about as if for witnesses to this near-attack on his vehicle the driver caught the eye of a cop on the corner and made an imperious gesture as if ordering the pedestrian to the gallows.

The cop took a look at the broken handle, then at the pedestrian's mud-stained coat, and advised the motorist, "Better just call it quits, Mac."

Considering how many newspapers carried stories about the Duke of Windsor visiting his Alberta ranch, it was inevitable that the association of ideas would finally trap one typesetter (happened to be on the Vancouver Province) into referring to the ranch owner as the Dude of Windsor.

The brief whirl the Duke and Duchess took through Canada recalled to many the momentous days of the abdication, and one Parade scout has come up with a conversation he overheard at the time between two Mennonite farm wives on market day in a Western Ontario town. One of the women was very surprised to hear all this talk that the then King was going to get married and wanted to know who to. "Mrs. Simpson?" she echoed her friend's answer. "My, won't Eaton's be jealous!"

The old Scottish couple were the reigning elder citizens of the little New Brunswick community and there was something completely unreal about the announcement that the craggy MacPherson had died. How would the town get along without him—and what of his wife? They had been so very close for so many years that all their friends were

afraid the shock would be too much for the widow. She bore up bravely, though, and after the funeral service when the trip to the cemetery began three of the womenfolk stayed behind with Mrs. MacPherson so she wouldn't be all alone in the house.

The old woman and her three somewhat younger neighbors sat in a stifling silence. Each of her visitors wished to say something to ease her sorrow, but they were unable to find the right word and the silence intensified until finally Mrs. MacPherson herself suddenly bounced from her chair and bustled off toward the kitchen, declaring, "Well, I don't know what you people are going to do but I'm going to make myself a feed of pancakes."

Away back last summer, during the regular outbreak of stampedes which annually besets all communities on the Prairies, an untoward mishap marred the opening parade at one such event. A visiting amateur photographer, darting into the middle of the road for a good angle-shot of the advancing procession, was downed when one of several stuffed animal heads mounted on a passing float tumbled from its perch. The fellow recovered long ago but he collected on his accident policy only the other day: it seems the claims adjuster was too literal in describing the incident so that at every stage in



the red-tape process of authorization the claim was held up to investigate how in heaven's name a town-dwelling policyholder of 1949 could possibly have been gored by a buffalo.

The clerk in a Port Arthur men's wear store did a painstaking job of showing the mother of a teen-age lad the full range of young men's hats. The woman didn't seem too concerned about color or style but as soon as the salesman got the fit just right she whooshed her son out the door with a "Thank you very much—we just wanted to check the size before ordering from the catalogue."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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CATBIRD

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THRASHER



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Summer Chorus

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These birds are all noted summer songsters. The cry of the crested flycatcher could scarcely be called a song, but it is one of the most typical sounds of forest places. They are all great destroyers of injurious insects and grubs. They deserve protection.

Look around your own neighborhood at any time—you'll be amazed at the new world of nature to be found right on your own doorstep!

Appreciation is the first step toward protection. Once you've discovered nature, you'll want to keep it unspoiled.

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